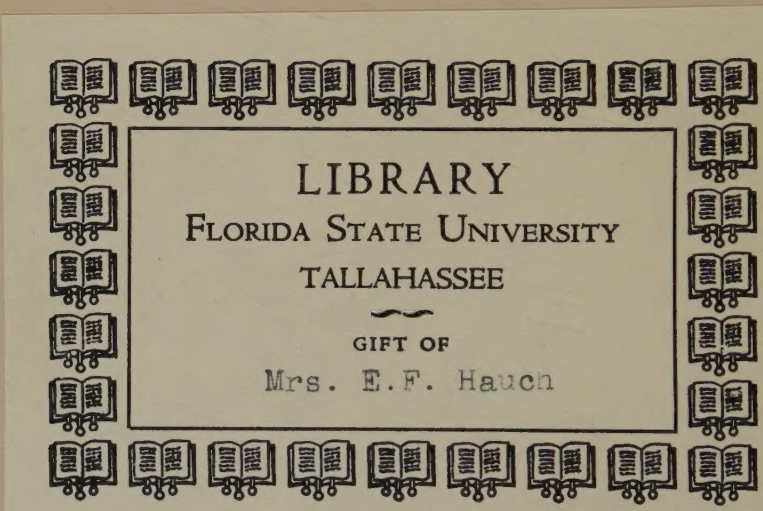
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PEDAGOGICALLY SPEAKING

LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD: OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Pedagogically Speaking

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON TOPICS
MORE OR LESS EDUCATIONAL

By

Felix E. Schelling

JOHN WELCH CENTENNIAL PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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1929

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PREFATORY

Shall the cobbler stick to his last? A question to be asked. Shall he think not, act not, and above all, speak not a word save of that to which he has been specifically trained? lest he speak idly or offend his neighbor? who, not being specifically trained to anything in particular, is therefore the only man qualified to discourse at large? By considerable diligence and greater good luck, the most that the best of us can hope, is to become a more or less living authority in some small acre of our own tillage about the time that we are ready to die. It smacks, therefore, of temerity to strike into the wide field of American education at large, which there are some who would fain fence off into snug little building lots for the exclusive experimentation and hypothetical ingenuity of the few. It takes, indeed, some courage in these days for one, not of that few, to talk about what these excellent people "know" so well, or think that they know. For while the opinion of the man in the street is eagerly sought in many topics, who is it that cares a jot or tittle for what the man in the schoolroom may think? "The man in the schoolroom! Does he think? Can he think? What business has he to think?" "I always make allowances for the impracticality of men who have ideas," said one who was little burdened himself with that particular species of luggage. However, I shall not argue whether impractical people may not have absorbed to themselves for the most part the ideas of the world; but I shall humbly submit, as lawyers

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say when they are least humble, that the burden of proof is on those who hold that education is the one subject which is unlikely to be most intelligently handled by those whose experience is largest in it. It is, then, with some temerity that I stake out this little claim of my own in a wide field of speculation; for I offer no revolutionary ideas, much less any process by which to educate anybody in anything; nor have I discovered any novel or infallible method for determining the nature or the limitation either of infantile precosity or senile incapacity.

Pedagogically speaking, somebody else ought to have written this book, somebody who has acquired the right to sign after his name in conscious superiority that potent word "educator." But in that case, this book would never have been written at all: or, written, it would emphatically not have been this book. The writer of these papers came too early into this much be-educated world to have ever been taught how to teach anybody anything. He has never studied "educationally" "the child," or anyone else professionally. He has never prepared a chart of pedagogical statistics. Above all, he has never measured anything. In short, the gatherer of these, some of his papers that touch on the subjects of his trade, is neither a "pedagogist," an "educator," nor anything else difficult and technical. He is merely a teacher who has loved his work in his day and delighted in the companionship of his students; one who has put down from time to time the thoughts that occasion has demanded of him in the exercise of his vocation; one who feels assured that just as there are a hundred different ways in which to write a novel, all of them good, so there

are innumerable enchanting paths threading the luxuriant meadows, gardens and jungles of knowledge, all of them safe and of happy outcome, however we may seek to run a supererogatory concrete boulevard of pedagogic method through their diversity and beauty.

As I reread these papers, originally devised as they were for different occasions and separated as to time, I am struck by the iterations in them of certain ideas which I have hammered on I trust with not too tiresome a monotony. Perhaps the likeness of pedagogy to pugilism is one of the things not set down in even the more meticulous works in the former exhaustless subject. And possibly the teacher, be he heavyweight or bantam, may hope to produce some effect, if he will hit in the same place only sufficiently hard and sufficiently often.

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I

Humanities, Gone and to Come

NEARLY five generations of men have come and gone since the Society of Phi Beta Kappa first sprang into life; its purpose the nurture and encouragement of liberal studies by a public recognition of those whose young steps have begun worthily to tread the pathways of the humanities. The idols that men rear and worship change as men change. And time sheds tears or bestows mockery on the broken images of the ideals that have been but are no more. No symbol that has roused the spirit of human devotion is a thing wholly unworthy or without its significance. It is of some of these idols in education, fallen or yet upright, that I wish briefly to speak. And I wish especially to dwell on the spirit that reared them on their pedestals and brought them honest devotees, rather than to dilate on the iconoclasm that seeks to shatter their beauties in indiscriminate destruction.

Retrospect is the privilege of age; prophecy the foible of youth. I can lay claim to indulgence for neither. The present is only a passing link in the swiftly running chain of time. It rivets the eye but for a moment. He that neglects the past neglects that which has made him what he is; he that neglects the promises and the warnings of the present as to things to come, as to things which he may help to shape in their coming, is already floating, a mere piece of wreckage on the ocean of time.

The humanities, the liberal arts: I suppose that these words call up to the minds of many of us, who are not wholly unlettered, a thing in some manner connected with the study of the classics, a something opposed to science and to the study of nature, a something very impractical and very desirable to possess, if you do not lose bread and butter by it; a thing much talked of at commencements, and happily, for the most part, forgotten meanwhile. Indeed, the popular conception of the humanities is not unlike what Bagehot tells us was the Eton boy's knowledge of Latin and Greek, not so much a definite conception as an ineffaceable impression that there really are such tongues, and that it is a very disagreeable thing to have much to do with them. The humanities! the very term is redolent of times long gone and smacking of generations before the last. Beside glittering, new-minted epithets like "sociology," "criminology," "degeneracy," and "psychiatry" the very word "humanities" looks dim and faded in this new century which has entered upon its run with the gathered momentum of a hundred years of effort behind it.

No word is constant in its significance; nor is the expression, "the humanities," an exception to this rule. The humanities, "those studies which involve the mental cultivation befitting a man," have varied with the ideal of manhood; and the man of one age, derided and misunderstood, has often become the caricature of the next. In the Europe of the fourteenth century the idea of "humanity" was habitually contrasted with that of divinity; and "the humanities" were conceived of as constituting the body of secular learning as distinguished from theological erudition. In

that conception of manhood which transmuted every full-grown male into a miniature steel fortress, bristling with weapons and offence, cherishing his honor, his lady and his life supereminently as things to fight for, the humanities could be nothing if they were not unclerical. What had chanting priests to do with the graces of courtly young manhood, any more than they had to do with the exercise of arms or with the grand menage of horses of war? But though this ideal was unclerical, it harked backward to the classics; for whether it was in the songs of the courts of love, in the romances of chivalrous King Arthur, of the Cid or Charlemagne, in protracted discourses on morals, or the calamities that had befallen great heroes, the ancients were recognized as the only source of that sweet but profane learning in which the heathen world of old had excelled and to the charm of which all subsequent ages have been fain to subscribe. Hence the arts and graces which dignified life and made it beautiful—poetry, music, and the knowledge of tongues, especially the classical tongues,—came, with the Renaissance, to be recognized as the studies which involved the mental and æsthetic cultivation most properly befitting a man. And, however far the violence and barbarism of the earlier middle ages may have frustrated these ideals from a realization measurably full, their bare existence tended not a little to the amelioration of the social conditions of those times.

As the world emerged into the greater stability of modern political life, while adhering as yet to much of the antique charm and picturesqueness of the medieval times, it was to this ideal of cultivated manhood that Sir Philip

Sidney conformed. Among the cares of war, of colonization and statecraft, in assiduous attendance upon an incomparable, but variable and exacting queen, Sidney none the less found time to cultivate the humanities in the practice of poetry after the manner of the ancients as well as in the ardent modern Italian way, in the composition of chivalric and pastoral romance and in the discussion with his friends of Aristotelian poetics and Machiavellian polity. The paragon of social and political graces, the generous patron of learning, the rare poet and passionate lover, the courtly and chivalrous gentleman, the man of simple and unblemished loyalty and faith,—all of these was Sidney, adored as the example and the idol of his time. And Sidney was so adored because of the perfection with which he fulfilled the Renaissance ideal of the humanities in their effect on vigorous young English manhood.

In the sweeping revisions and restatements to which Bacon submitted all the formulas of his age, the humanities by no means escaped. Neglecting historical significance and current popular notions alike, Bacon retained the contrast between human and divine learning and, by a simple return to roots, defined the humanities as human philosophy: "Which hath," to use his words, "two parts. The one considereth man segregate or distributively, the other congregate or in society. Humanity consisteth of knowledges which respect the body and of knowledges which respect the mind." In modern parlance it is anatomy, psychology, and what is still somewhat vaguely called "sociology," which Bacon considered as the threefold humanities or studies appertaining to man; and the last Bacon could

have conceived only in the logical sense in which it embraces all study of language, literature, history, politics, archæology and art. We may thus accredit to Bacon a remarkable widening of the earlier conception of the humanities and ascribe to him as well the earliest recognition of science as among them.

With the coming of the eighteenth century the conception of the humanities had undergone another transformation. The century opened with the smoke of a momentous controversy rolling heavily to leeward. This discussion concerned the relative merits of ancient and modern learning. Sir William Temple had just succeeded in proving to his own complete satisfaction that the ancients were really the superior poets. To the achievement of this result he was compelled, wittingly or innocently, to omit any mention of the names of Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Calderón, Molière, or Milton. Temple, moreover, enthusiastically praised several Greek writers whose works it may be more than suspected he could not read. Years later, Oliver Goldsmith addressed the world in his *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe,* an inquiry for which that delightful essayist and dramatist was fitted chiefly by his triumphant completion of a protracted career of idleness pursued at at least three of the most learned universities of the British Islands and the continent.

There were good scholars in the England of the eighteenth century, but the cultivator of the amenities of literature felt that an apology was due the world for his aberrations from the practical highways of life. The great poet, Gray, preferred anonymity to any repute that might

come to him as the author of his famous *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard;* and Horace Walpole concealed the authorship of his novel, *The Castle of Otranto,* as if it were a flagrant offence for a gentleman to sully his hand with the penning of romance. Indeed, the age which produced such artistic trivialities, such delicate articles of vertu as the letters of this same Horace Walpole or that impeccable code social for the guidance of youth by my Lord Chesterfield, his *Letters,* equally artistic and equally fragile—surely such an age could have little need to emphasize the antithesis between "the humanities" and divine learning. But the eighteenth century had its distinctions none the less, and was painfully careful to construct an impenetrable barrier between such knowledge as might be presumed to adhere, like clay, to vulgar, everyday mankind, and the finer humanities which could appertain to fastidious gentility alone. "A cad, my son," said an eighteenth-century father, in reply to a question as to the habitat and earmarks of that common and unpleasing variety of the human species, "a cad, my son, is a man whose Latin quantities are out at heel. Beware of him." Such was the shibboleth of that age. The word "humanity" had come to mean "polite learning," not the studies which involve the mental cultivation befitting a man, but, emphatically and avowedly, those studies which involve the mental cultivation supposedly appropriate to the fine gentleman.

In England the superstition is still cherished that if a young man be carefully trained to pass a competitive examination, winning from his fellows in Catullus or in the fragments of the obscurer Greek lyrists, he may somehow

prove in time the better ruler for Punjab or Sindh. This superstition—and is it wholly a superstition?—is based in part on a sentiment that the gentleman, after all, is very good material with which to begin. It is the gentleman ordinarily, and not the cad, who has had alike the leisure and, what is far more important, the temper to study Catullus, or the disposition to expend leisure time on the Greek fragments. And it is the man, after all, that has been developed by these impractical studies; and, with the man, those lesser things, the gentleman and the potential governor of Punjab or Sindh. And is it in any wise superstitious to believe, in England or elsewhere, that a sword is best whetted on that which it is destined never to cut? and that without the necessary preliminaries of whetting, pointing, and tempering, many a pretty thrust and trick of swordsmanship must prove in the end but vain?

The earliest American college was conceived as a school preparatory to the study of divinity; for few save the intending clergy could spare the time to acquire learning, on its face a thing so unimperative to the needs of everyday colonial life. As time went on it was felt that the languages of Greece and Rome had a value besides their use as lights with which to search the Scriptures. With the example of English education before them, with men who had come to the new world with the learning, the habits, and the prejudices of the universities of England and Scotland, the American college set up its ideal of the humanities, and in so doing naturally interpreted the liberal arts to mean primarily the classics, often the classics alone.

This ideal has abided despite many attacks, if somewhat

battered of late; and it has shown throughout the period of its maintenance the mingled strength and weakness that distinguishes a principle nearly, but not quite wholly, true. There is little need that I should rehearse to you—who know it so well—the strength of that ideal which upholds the advantages of a classical education; or tell how we may claim that no modern tongue can afford in its organic structure the discipline of Latin and Greek, in which, in the words of John Stuart Mill, "every sentence is a lesson in logic." Nor need I tell how we can view no modern language with the completeness with which we can view these tongues of the past, or with the certainty as to the stability of the scientific facts which they present; how the literature of the ancients, especially that of Greece, affords us unequaled examples of the perfection and harmony of literary art, and may as soon be omitted from the study of the student of general literature as antique sculpture may be omitted from the study of art; or how in the study of ancient philosophy we travel back, so to speak, along those rays of light that have illuminated the world for twenty-three centuries to that Greek prism, the crystal sides of which are Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, that center of light wherein lies focused the concentrated radiance of all human learning. These things are known to most of us and acknowledged by all except those in whom ignorance or want of opportunity has bred contempt for what they have not, or those whom the life-sapping blight of hand-to-mouth utilitarianism has stricken deaf and blind, but unhappily not dumb.

The opponents of classical studies, if not of the humani-

ties in a larger sense, have been for the most part two; first, the exponents of the superior advantages which they claim for a purely scientific education, and, secondly, the utilitarians. Who can deny the force of the enticing appeal that bids us return to nature and read in the spacious volume which she lavishly spreads before us year after year the absorbing story of this visible world? Even the demand, sometimes made in the past, that scientific studies be substituted all but wholly for the older humanities might be in a measure excused from that natural and creditable zeal which is born of the fervor of propaganda. Indeed, the demands of these reformers were often not more unreasonable than the replies of men blindly adherent to the traditions of a system of education antiquated and no longer effective. But this warfare is now a thing of the past. No one now denies the value, even the imperative need, that science constitute an integral part of the education of the day; just as few any longer refuse to recognize the liberalizing influences of the study of our own and of foreign modern tongues. There is no weakness in a strenuous advocacy of a study of the classics; there is much unwisdom in claiming for the classics alone that liberalizing influence which they possess in so high a degree, but which they share with many other studies. There is positive falsity in the position which some have taken, the attitude of opposition to the study of science; and there is absolute injustice in the denial of the liberalizing capabilities of a study of the sciences liberally conducted. No subject to which man can give his studious attention, no subject in which a man may discover truth to add by his discovery to the sum of human knowl-

edge or to create therewith newer and juster views than those which obtained before, should be denied a place among the humanities. But the subject must be pursued with that disinterestedness, that freedom from ulterior motives of practical utility, which alone can permit a free play of its liberalizing elements. It is their practical uselessness which has given and will continue to give to the classics, with pure mathematics, æsthetics, and philosophy, a palpable advantage over the sciences and modern languages among the humanities. In a word, the measure of the educational value of the humanities lies in their practical inutility. *A sword is best whetted on that which it is destined never to cut.*

And now that this battle is won and science has taken her place beside her sister, the arts, in administering that cultivation which is befitting the man, we begin to recognize to the full the value of this broader conception of the humanities. We have learned that neither our arts nor our young bachelors are constant quantities to be combined with the inevitable result of the union of two chemical elements. We have learned that men may be liberalized by mathematics and biology and remain illiberal in the atrium of Greek poetry or among the arcana of ancient philosophy. We have learned, in short, that men can no more be educated after one pattern than fitted on a single last; that neither the chivalrous type of Sidney, the virtuosity of Walpole, nor the clerical cut of old New England can suffice for all ages and climates, but that age strides after age and that our ideals in education, like our ideals in all things else, need adaptation to present needs and the exercise of a

wise but conservative foresight for the future. Indeed, in the recognition of all this we may now well pause to inquire if the habit of change has not grown inveterate upon us and if, in our zeal to fit the individual at the present moment, we have not lost sight of his own future development and of the relations of each to all.

The present is no moment for idle self-congratulation. The humanities to-day are front to front with an attack in comparison with which all previous menaces sink into insignificance itself. We have no longer to fight for the study of Greek or to relegate to her proper place the exorbitant claims of the youngest and boldest of the sciences. We are in struggle for the very principle of liberality in education itself, and, worst of all, our enemy is within, and is often a neighbor or a brother. Practical utility is by far the most insidious enemy of modern education and the chiefest barrier to the attainment of that higher intellectual and spiritual life toward which the nobler members of the race are striving. And by utility here I mean not that broad and philosophical outlook which recognizes the ultimate value and potency of all things human by the completeness and success with which each performs its function in life; but that cheap reckoning up of commercial values, that near-sighted and niggardly view of man and life in the light of petty immediate gains, that reduction of things, both human and divine, to monetary standards, which paralyzes liberal and disinterested endeavor and fills our learned professions—save the mark!—with expert but narrow and unlettered men. Utility in education demands that we hurry our boys into the professional schools before they are ready for

college, or thrust them through or out of college before they are old enough to appreciate their advantages. Utility demands that we interlard the humanities with technical and professional work by turning as many studies as possible into their practical applications. Utility demands devices of short cuts and special courses and the invention of specific courses which it is hoped may prove alluring to the uncultured and the uninformed. In short, utility in education destroys the very ideal for which the university was created and transforms the institution in which it becomes a ruling incentive from the leader and guide of the community at large into a submissive follower in the wake of a degenerating public opinion.

The excellence of American technical and professional schools is our glory and our pride. Where ingenuity, adaptability, technical aptitude and energy which tires not nor is daunted are in demand, American technical education need yield to none. If American lawyers are at times a little less grave in their learning, they are more agile in their thought than their cousins across the water; if American divines are less frequently historians and philosophers than British divines, if American diplomacy is somewhat more rough and ready, and a trifle less successful in *finesse,* even though not quite all the scientific discoveries, from the circulation of the blood to the Roentgen rays and wireless telegraphy, have been made in America, we can have yet nothing but pride for the learning, the skill, the success, and the firm and resistless forward tread of those who grace the learned professions in America. But if our professions are to advance, if they are to continue what they are, depend

upon it that an increasing technical standard, a course of greater length, more laboratories and minuter specialization cannot alone accomplish it. More important than all these things, more important than specific qualifications, are the temper of mind, the outlook of the student entering upon professional studies, and the attitude which he takes toward his chosen career. This attitude is the product of school and college life, and is acquired by subtle influences which build up character or undermine it. If the golden calf of utility is worshiped in the class-room as well as in the streets, and perhaps even in the family, the student's attitude will become that of the alert and active devotee of that philosophy whose one mandate is, "Succeed!" Such a man may reach in later life a certain worldly success, but he will remain in all essentials a professional quack and an influence working, according to his power, more or less for evil. If, on the other hand, the liberalizing power of the humanities, be their content what it may, has been exerted to the full upon him, the young professional student will appreciate his responsibilities as well as his capabilities, and holding both as a sacred trust, live a power among his fellowmen working for good. Our concern is first with the man. The man once made, all else will follow.

We are sometimes told that the moral tone of the university is lower than that of the outside world, that the mingled restraints and freedom of college life, even the pursuit of learning itself, make not for righteousness, nor probity, nor ideal conduct. The logic of such doctrine as this is the abolition of learning. Far better were it that these walls should stand for all time blackened ruins than

that they should foster the school of iniquity and degradation which such a notion infers. That young men, a large part of whose daily life consists in the honest fulfillment of the allotted task, that men habitually in contact with refined, disciplined, and trained minds, in touch with the best that is known and thought and filled with the ideals which the wisest who have lived before them have held up to the admiration of the world, should live by moral standards lower than those of the street, the mart of trade, or the polls, is an error gross and palpable. And yet it is not altogether inconceivable that were the humanities striken from the curriculum of our colleges and learning cultivated solely for the worldly advancement and prosperity to be gained by it; were this beloved university of ours—which heaven forbid—to degenerate so far as to train mere politicians, mere quacks, and mere pettifoggers, such imaginings as these might not seem so wholly grotesque. Religion has no such aid and abettor as the disinterested pursuit of learning. Morality has no closer ally than a liberal education. Without education religion shrinks back into primitive superstition. Without education morality fades like a dying ember blown into momentary glow by brute terror of the law.

There is cause for concern in the increasingly practical bias which is given to our everyday education, and the invasion of the college and even of the secondary school by subjects into which an alleged or actual utility enters to the detriment of their liberalizing power. I confess that I mistrust the enormous emphasis which we attach to facts statistically juggled; the undue weight which we give to

speculative theories untested by competent knowledge of past philosophic thought; and I am doubtful as to the minuter specialization of subject matter in college and university, when intrusted, as it sometimes is, to men to whom the humanities in any sense are a dim recollection of the secondary school. It is for you, my younger brothers of Phi Beta Kappa, to recognize some of these things, and recognizing their nature, to stand firm for that openness of spirit, that quality of disinterestedness, that elevation of thought, and that unquenchable faith in high ideals which is the most precious outcome of your sojourn with the humanities.

I respect the ingenious application of scientific principles to matter that trains our engineers, our chemists, and our physicists to mechanical skill and technical precision. I admire the nice complexities of applied science, and procedure perfected by experience and precedent, which we call, respectively, the professions of medicine and of law, and which train competent guardians of our property, our rights, and our lives. I honor the patient and indefatigable spirit of research that wins for men, inch by inch, new lands in the territory of the unknown. And I bow before that abnegation of self that lives for the spiritual welfare of men and offers with brotherly hand the consolation and the stay which religion alone can give. But I do maintain withal that it is in the untechnical studies, the unprofessional studies, be their content, let me say once more, what it may; it is in those studies alone which are pursued without the possibility of transmutation into terms of practical utility that we can hope to find the elements which draw forth the undeveloped man within, which set forth lofty and

unselfish ideals, and which, in a word, do really educate, elevate, and humanize.

When James Russell Lowell defined a university as a place in which nothing useful is taught, he uttered no mere idle paradox. I am afraid that we are doing a great deal of useful work in this university, work which has its place here, but work which should not be permitted to usurp all places. The greatest need in the education of today, a need greater than short cuts to the professions, training for city councils or state legislatures, preliminary courses to speculative philanthropy or air-ship building, is the restoration of the humanities to our college courses in a larger proportion than has been theirs for many a day. Where the line is to be drawn which shall divide the training of the man from the training of the engineer, the lawyer, or the physician is a matter comparatively unimportant. That such a line should be drawn is an imperative need of the moment, a need which temporizing can only make more clamorous in its just demand.

Among the humanities that are with us or are to come, let us welcome every subject that can enlarge the horizon of the student and give him truer, saner, and more liberal views of man and life. It is not the topic which determines these qualities, but the spirit in which the subject is pursued, a spirit which demands a rigorous exclusion from its purview of all that is narrow and material. In a frank recognition of the liberalizing influences of the study of science and of the close relations of modern languages, history, and philosophical speculation to the development of the contemporary man, I cannot but affirm it as my conviction that

the languages of the ancients, their art, literature, philosophy, and archæology, will long continue the most fruitful of the humanities, not only because of their valuable content and their incomparable position as to all that has come after, but because of their splendid isolation from the possibility of measurement and appraisement by utilitarian standards. Depend upon it that *the sword is best whetted on that which it is destined never to cut.* Depend upon it that the true glory of the humanities, whether gone, present, or to come, —like the glory of art, of literature, and the glory of religion itself—is the immeasurability of all these priceless things by material standards, their spiritual worth, significance, and potency.

II

Ideals and the American University

OUR discourse being what it is, we may pertinently inquire at the outset " is there an American university? " that is, is there prevalent the conception of a university which may be described as distinguishably American? and, secondly, if there is, has it any ideals? America is a large country, and our use of familiar words is far from agreement all over it. The question " when is a university not a university? " cannot be facilely determined by answering: " when it is situated at Kallimaquash or otherwhere west of Boston "; for we have universities much nearer at hand which will little bear scrutiny as to their standards and ideals. Indeed the word is not infrequently misused, as in the " Camford Commercial University " or " The Oxbridge University of Stenography and Typewriting." Correspondence universities have long since ceased to be a novelty: these great berthas of education at long range are still pounding, hit or miss. A university of aerial evolution and aviatory manipulation might have something to say for itself in the realms of higher education: to drop from such a course would have the advantages of very definite results. But to descend to particulars, a well known report, exhibited not so long since, tells us, among many other things, that there are institutions in America calling themselves universities in which " two thirds of the students are not

required to meet the ordinary conditions for college entrance"; that one at least frankly declares that it "has never refused to receive a single student, but has admitted everyone without regard to his previous educational disadvantages." There is an ambitious "college," soon doubtless to be designated "a university," in which six professors provide sixty courses which, according to the catalogue, "cover the same ground as the best instructors in the country." In another, a single faculty and dean conduct "a college of liberal arts, a college of fine arts, a school of expression, a school of music, a college of commerce, a school of the Bible, an academy, a musical department and work towards the master's and the doctor's degrees." From another point of view, history is pursued at Union College, Nebraska, from its "origin in the garden of Eden"; and at Nazarine University, California, there is, we are explicitly informed, "no sympathy with that . . . evolutionary theory that makes man the offspring of the animal."

With diversities such as these as to title and ideal, our problem is clearly not simple. And yet, I take it that there is a very general conception abroad that a university is somehow or other a school, at the top of other schools, because in it are pursued certain studies—we are very uncertain just what—that one reaches only after one has prepared elsewhere somehow for them. "Let me see, yes, doctors are made in universities": and the doctor of the populace is not a doctor, if he cannot prescribe medicine. "And lawyers and ministers are made in universities: though we are not quite so certain about this, because lawyers and ministers are also made otherwise." The notion

that at a university one studies to become something,—a teacher, a dentist, of late, that somewhat evasive person, a business man: this is intelligible. Wherefore, in part at least, the growth of our teachers' classes, our business classes, our technical classes. The idea of education apart from equipment for life, is one which as yet has little penetrated the American mind at large. Of the thousands who are now sending their sons to college, most, we may well believe, go for practical utilitarian purposes. The war has proved the usefulness to the individual of education as equipment in life. The more you know, the more you are likely to earn. The war has also shown that there are officers in civil life, as in the army, and that education helps an entry into that favored class. Hence the cry "education for leadership," a cry not to be discouraged. As we rise in the scale of what father earns, we find a smaller number, but still a large one, if less honestly worthy, who, appreciating the utter "worthlessness" of Latin and Greek as appertaining to anything in practical affairs, are, none the less, willing that John should waste a certain amount of time on these accomplishments, because such an education may raise him socially and bring him in touch with better, that is wealthier, people. College as a fulcrum for the lever that is ultimately to heave John—I will not say Mary—into society, in the small, snobbish significance of that word "society"—all this bears its unworthy part in the prevalent conception of a university, begetting narrow ideas, accentuating class prejudices, impeding progress, and inoculating the institution into which it enters with the dry rot of reactionism.

Sloughing off these outer husks in our search for the sweet kernel within, we come to the saving remnant—and I do believe such is to be found wherever the free air of thought and disinterested discussion is blowing—we come to that saving remnant which recognizes in a university a foundation for the discovery, the preservation and the promulgation of learning, a stronghold of truth. To such, teaching is not the sole work and purpose of a university: much less is that purpose the mere making of teachers. In the promulgation of knowledge, they recognize that teaching is one, and an important process; it is far from the only one. Discovery and investigation are even more important for the maintenance and repute of an institution of learning. For there can be no very sound nor valuable teaching except from accumulated stores of the past. These stores are to be found in libraries, in museums, in laboratories, and in the personal equipment and learning of a university's faculties. And all these equipments are as nought if there be no leisure, opportunity and means alike for progress in research and for making this progress known and therefore available. In this indivisible trinity, the discovery, the preservation and the promulgation of learning, the activity of a true university functions. If any one of these three is allowed to overset the balance of the other two, the university becomes a technical institution, a storehouse, or a laboratory.

A university is a thing in a sense spiritual, like the church, because its power is an influence working for good; a thing ideal, because it must ever hold before us a something towards which we may strive, but which, once at-

tained, points merely onward. A university in the opinion of this saving, thinking remnant, is, in a word, a means to one of the highest human ends, the intellectual and therefore the moral and spiritual betterment and progress of mankind.

Now this ideal of the saving remnant, the most determined must confess is something very different from "the finest campus in the world," the biggest "bowl" for football in the country, the most perfectly appointed country club outside of Newport, a place to cheer for, to send one's sons to during that probationary period when the beard reaches its first growth, a place to leave money to for a new dormitory—that is, a new house to sleep in—which shall put to shame the storied luxuries of the Harvard Gold Coast. This ideal is equally at variance with the notion of a great factory for teachers, where everything is taught that it may be taught again, a huge caravansary or mart of pedagogic processes, where, on the presentation of a certificate testifying to the possession of a certain number of points in various knowledges, the vessel is moved from spigot to spigot to be filled and automatically gauged from time to time; at last to be dismissed, certified as full and good for a certain wage for a certain number of years with a caudal pension appended.

I am not averse to beautiful buildings, a fair campus, or to the spirit of youth which delights in trials of physical strength and skill. While I have never been able to understand why sitting on bleachers in inclement November weather is so highly conducive to the physical health of a student body, I will grant that athletics have their place

when not taken habitually thus vicariously. Athletic games are important from the point of view of the students' health: almost as important as good sanitation and a wholesome commons. But athletics cannot make a university; they help advertise it in a boyish particular. Athletics as an end are for such as have never grown up. As to buildings, they too have their place, alike for utility and in fostering that artistic sense in which we are still much wanting as a nation. It will be remembered that it is the glory of the academic buildings of the old world, as of its beautiful cathedrals, that they express to a large degree an educational, a spiritual idea. The cloister and the quadrangle with their sense of seclusion, the oriel window with its chastening of the white glare of daylight into the subdued rainbow tints suggestive of prayer and meditation, the very spires with their delicate tracery pointing upwards into a serene sky, untroubled with the combustion of manufacture, remote from the affairs of trade. But our American college buildings, what idea do many of them express? and when they do strive after a something, is it not only too often a borrowed idea? I could not wish the beauty of what we have any the less, but I could wish that our best less frequently expressed ideas alien to our conditions and ideals. I happened once into a beautiful general hall of a lovely medieval building in a university town which shall be nameless. It was Sunday morning and the bells were admonishing the tardy of the hour of worship. There under dark oak rafters, carved with quaint creations of medieval demonology, the light sifting through exquisite leaded windows, surrounded by priceless volumes, pricelessly cased

and bound, sat a dozen American youths in various degrees of undress, smoking cigarettes and reading the New York Sunday morning papers. It was a shock to sensibility: but perhaps we should not have sensibilities in an American university.

We have already wandered into our other query, it will be remembered: "Has the American university ideals?" and it cannot be denied that it has, shall we say, such as they are? There is first the ideal of bigness, of numbers. Our large institutions would always be larger, our smallest colleges, with much palaver about the advantages of small numbers, would every one of them fain grow: and they take careful measures to do so. The notion that there is merit in mere size ought to be abandoned with childhood. It is forgivable only in youth or in that sorry simulacrum of youth which is most charitably described as a state of arrested development. Mere popularity in an institution may mean something besides the success of intrinsic worth. When the fence is down few go in by the gate. I am told that the largest "university" in the United States—and the laws against libel alone forbid my naming it—is one of the least entitled to that honorable and much abused title.

There is, secondly, the obsession of usefulness, practicality, often called by that fine word "service," which I take it frequently means little more than doing something which is not strictly one's business to somebody who does not want to have it done to him. There is scarcely a university in the land which does not make concessions to opinions which it cannot respect; and these concessions range from the introduction of single subjects to the maintenance of whole

schools and courses which are not of university grade, quality or character. We allow the layman to dictate to us; sometimes in the guise of the donor or patron who tells us more or less specifically what we must not teach; sometimes in the guise of the secondary schoolmaster who tells us by his certificates just who is fit for us to admit to college. Sometimes our dictator is even the college president, not born but made, whose academic education we are compelled tediously to undertake at an age when trepanning alone could insure the penetration of a new idea. A witty cynic once said: "the teaching of undergraduates is possible but undesirable; the teaching of patrons, trustees and college presidents is poignantly desirable, but unhappily quite impossible." In short, we have wandered far from the daring definition of a university as "a place in which nothing useful is taught," a place in which civility, learning, the humanities and the arts flourish to the development of a higher type of man, not a place in which all this is relegated to the background in a wild rush for information, for equipment and an ingenious adaptation of whatever is taught to its immediate money-getting availability.

And this brings us face to face with one of the most serious of the obsessions of contemporary American education, the demand for an increasingly wide range of subject-matter, for variety of information on every conceivable topic, and the measuring of it all in the slopping pint pots of standard educational units. It might be difficult to find an art, a process, a recreation that does not form part of the curriculum in some one of our colleges or universities from carpentry, automobile inspection and typewriting to

reporting for the daily papers and the craft of selling goods. And the standards of our " academical rating " accept them all as alike and indiscriminately measurable and educationally interchangeable. The spectacle of our college halls filled with young schemers after units, ingeniously arranging combinations of studies, irrespective of subject, which offer lines of the least possible resistance and hours most suitable to ease and pleasure along which to reach the coveted degree—such is a spectacle to make the shades of scholarship weep, or rather, forsake forever our precincts. Let us see if we can find some cause for this extraordinary distortion of our sometime ideals of a curriculum fit for a university. And I am sure that even the friends of this distortion cannot object to our calling such a conception as theirs " quantitative education," when we behold it exceeding even the ambition of Bacon himself in taking not merely all human learning for its province, but practically all human activity.

Quantitative education is confidently built upon two fallacies: first, that education is mainly the accumulation of information about tangible things; and secondly, that we ought to know something about as many things as possible. To get rich, you get money; to get richer, you get more money. To become educated, you accumulate facts; to become more educated, you accumulate some more. Of course, it is recognized that there are different kinds of prosperity; so, too, there are different kinds of things to know about, and hence it is important that we know something about as many things as possible. Obviously if our knowledge is thus scattered, we can know very little with

any degree of thoroughness. Quantitative education assumes that each new topic is a totally new intellectual effort; that the mind is made up of independent, mutually exclusive compartments, and that if you train one only, you leave the rest untrained. Hence the necessity of so many things; hence the notion of a well-informed man, which some people mistake for an educated man; a man who has heard about much, has a smattering of a thousand things, but flitting from subject to subject, has never "had the time," which means taken the pains, really to come to know anything. Quantitative education gives us ill-trained men. Quantitative education gives us confident ignorance. It collects ammunition instead of attending to gunnery; it neglects foundations for pretty turrets and minarets that stand out picturesquely against the sky; it generalizes on unascertained facts and decides things of moment, oblivious of the experiences of the ages. Quantitative education takes that overgrown child, vocational training, by the hand and tells you how much better it is to learn how to do something which has dollars in it and how preferable dollars are in general to doughnuts. I remember reading some time since of the senior class in one of our very western colleges and how it was extolled for an experiment in what I suppose we may call constructive higher education. "Here was a class," we were told, "that wasted no time on dead and dying languages." Not they! "What am I to Hecuba or Hecuba to me!" This class had made with its own hands a complete set of furniture for the Young Men's Christian Association, the sawing, the screwing, the gluing, joining and varnishing, all themselves. Here was a tri-

umph for practical training applied to a charitable deed; though how well done was all this sawing and screwing, this gluing, joining and varnishing, and whether it could not all have been done better and more cheaply and the boys kept at study and play the deponent sayeth not. Meanwhile, at any rate, there was no time lost on Greek. But do not misunderstand me. Vocational training has its place. It is even a very important place. Men may not be able to live by bread alone, but bread is a very necessary thing to begin with and it is not immoral to desire to eat it buttered. My point is that vocational education, so called, is often scarcely educational at all; that useful and necessary as it is, vocational training does not develop the mind in the manner and to the degree which we have a right to demand of the major part of education; and, most important of all, that when you pursue any study with an ulterior utilitarian end in view, that study is impaired educationally precisely to that extent.

But obviously there is a contrasted kind of education, and to carry out my figure let us call it qualitative education. Qualitative education is selective, unutilitarian, interested in the fineness, thoroughness, the character of its results, not in their variety and novelty. The qualitative idea as to the process of education doubts if all subjects are of equal pedagogical value; it questions the notion that there is little interdependence in our intellectual faculties and prefers to think of the mind as an instrument of precision, capable of being tempered, refined and tuned so as to cope with unfamiliar and new problems, not because of a previous knowledge about them, but because of a generally heightened in-

telligence and power of adaptability. Qualitative education believes in the old-fashioned notion that a man can sharpen his wits on difficulties; that effort of mind strengthens mind as effort of body strengthens the body; that a man can exercise for the sake of exercise; that a man walking to stretch his legs will not stretch them any the better for carrying a market basket with something to sell in it; that disinterestedness in the pursuit of anything counts in the effort and in the result.

And now let us return. The ideal of an American university, then, in its acquisition, preservation and dissemination of knowledge, must offer equality of opportunity, or it will not be American. It must include freedom of discussion and restriction as to no subject, or it will not be American. Possessed of such freedom and equality—but only so possessed—our universities will outlast the cheap utilities of the moment, and the levelling down that comes with our present terrible influx of numbers; as well the insidious attacks which sentimental prejudice has made upon changes which are inevitable to growth. Institutions which last through the ages, the church, the state, the home, the university, are greater than the men who plan them, for they are the aggregate of the activity of many minds working out a transcendent purpose. Such institutions take on a nature of their own; they cease to be inanimate things which men have constructed and become entities with an innate power of development and growth. I have elsewhere likened a university to a tree which you may prune, lop, fell if you will, but which, unless you cut it out by the roots, will grow and put forth fruit after its kind. And can we

believe that the American kind is to be less fruitful, less abundant, less wholesome for the daily food which it furnishes, less rich in sustenance than other trees in soils and climates less favorable?

For my part I shall refuse to believe that American universities have failed in their ideals, howsoever some have gone astray after strange gods and stranger pedagogical experiments or, having within their grasp the possibilities of an excellent school or college, assume a name and a grandeur not really theirs. Our present emphasis is far too much on the process of teaching; indeed we leave little untaught and lead everybody along the beaten ways, carefully reined in harness. But we do collect and harbor the apparatus of learning and a new era will increase to something like reasonable proportions our still comparatively neglected fields of investigation and research. In this last let the universities beware lest they lose this most valuable group of their men from among them. The hurry and routine of the classroom and the merely vocational character of so much of our teaching is crowding out the investigator, and new foundations, apart from our universities, are being created for him and abundantly endowed. The separation of scholarship from teaching, should it ever become complete, would be deplorable and an irremediable loss to our universities; for knowledge is best imparted at its fountainheads, and, to vary the figure, the middleman is as dangerous and wasteful in education as he is in trade.

Turning back, then, to our ideal of an American university, I would have it free, free from all the tyrannies of class prejudice, of schools, of educational experimentalists,

orthodoxy or heterodoxy, whatever the sources of restriction. I would have our ideal American university owned by no man or set of men, however charitable and well disposed; for American education is not a largesse, but a birthright. I would have our ideal American university supported by the people for the people, its purpose the establishment and maintenance of the only species of aristocracy supportable in a free commonwealth, the aristocracy of brains, the officer class which leads intellectually, spiritually and materially as well by power innate as by power acquired. In our American university I would have an equal recognition and sustenance of the functions which acquire, preserve and disseminate knowledge. I would give to the utilities their place; I should not give them all places. Above all be it remembered that only the university which is free is truly American, and only the university which exists, not out of charity and largesse, but by right, is free.

III

Some Values Educational and Other

WHEN the world has been shaken as it has been by the cataclysm of war, when we are struggling in this era of disenchantment, hesitating and doubting, fearing and at a loss as to the next step and whether we dare take it, it seems worth while to attempt an inventory of what we have left, to appraise somewhat its value, to learn whether there may not be some things, even more precious than our dollars, which may have altered in their purchasing values, if not in that intrinsic worth which we may attach to the gold standard of our mental, our moral and our spiritual possessions. And before we proceed, let us see to it that we understand each other as to some of those primary conceptions which, employed by us all, like the coin of the realm, we come to take for granted and cease really to know justly how to appraise.

The price of a thing is what you pay for it; or, from another angle, what you can contrive to get some misguided or unguided person to pay for something you have to dispose of. Price rarely coincides with value; for value is intrinsic worth, and worth in an article may lie in the costliness of the material or in the even higher value which rare workmanship may give it. Think, for example, of the collected works of some great poet, scientist or thinker; their value is not in what you pay for the volumes, but in what

they have done for human thought, what they have added to human knowledge and, in that still more difficult thing to evaluate, their power of inspiration. According to an old story, Milton received from the stationer, Simmons, only five pounds for what to us would be equivalent to the copyright of *Paradise Lost.* It was really rather better than that, though it is doubtful if all the money which the poet ever received from his great epic ever came to the purchasing value of $400 of today. This was the price of an epic; think of Caruso, if you want what was lately the price of a song. Better still, think of the price of a Charlie Chaplin. His value is quite another matter. The connoisseur can tell you how many thousands of dollars he has paid for that splendid canvas of Titian or Correggio; can he estimate to you its value to the world as a product of art? The collector of books can lock up his unique copy of a rare edition of a great author; but is he so often able to estimate its actual worth and the value of it as poetry? Plainly this thing which we call " value " is not appraisable in markets or measurable by rule, two foot or other.

Not long since the papers were full of comment concerning a series of questions which a certain great inventor put to candidates seeking employment in the scientific-industrial establishments over which he presides. His requirements—which he had, of course, a perfect right to make—were specific in character. The kind of education which he needs in his scientific-industrial work is a specific kind of education. His demands are not only, then, largely scientific, but for science in its technical applications. They are, above all things, practical, and his tests

are almost wholly tests of a knowledge of facts. "Where is Magdalena Bay?" This is a matter of information. "Explain how the new tungsten filament is superior to a carbon filament in an incandescent lamp." You may or you may not have studied about incandescent lamps. Your knowledge or lack of knowledge as to this particular properly determines whether you are fit to serve in Mr. Edison's scientific-industrial establishment; it does not properly determine whether you are an educated man or not. You may or may not have heard of Magdalena Bay. If you have not, it may be accident or it may be that you are not quite so alert in such matters of geography as some other people. Knowledge of Magdalena Bay is not even a test of general intelligence. And it is not a fair inference that a young man who cannot answer questions like these and their like is uneducated. By the same token any specialist in his domain of knowledge can "stump" anybody bred in another. "Who was Norris of Bemerton, and what ancient philosopher affected him?" "At the corner of what two streets in London do we now know that Shakespeare probably wrote many of his plays?" "Who was buried in the same grave with Fletcher?" These are questions out of my own workshop, the answers to which "every educated man ought to know." I hope that you can, all of you, answer them out of hand. But, if you do not happen to be able to do so, I shall not call into question the seriousness or the completeness of the curriculum of your college.

Let us see a little more closely what is the underlying fallacy here. "My son has been to college four years and don't know the difference between a hawk and a handsaw,"

says Mr. John B. Practical, who remembers his *Hamlet.* Now neither hawking—that famous old sport in days long gone— nor wood-cutting, apparently, was a part of the curriculum in the college to which John B. sent his son. If woodworking is, except as training the hand and eye, it is vocational training, which has its place, but that is a place only secondary in education. As for hawking, that was ever a sport; and football and relay racing have taken the place of it and more than the place. Examine your boy in the technicalities of these latter sports, and you will get not only answers, but information. This father's complaint is based on a misconception of the basis and reason for education; for if he wants in his son a specific knowledge of this, that or the other subject, and that experience which comes only with familiarity, college is not the place for him. As to all that, life is a better school than college. Though life is like college, too, in that it teaches much that we might be the better without, imparting to us at times the wrong thing in the wrong way and leaving much unlearned. But can any education ever conceived of teach any man all the things that "every educated man ought to know?" That portentous list must include all learning in every conceivable application, if facts plus the practical application of them go to make up the whole part and parcel of the thing which we call education. On such a hypothesis every educated man ought to be alike a dictionary, an encyclopedia and that book, bristling with preposterously useful information, a German Conversations-Lexikon. Every educated man ought to know—what ought not every educated man to know from how to cook to how to fly an aeroplane?

There is no linguist who can not prove the necessity of his tongue; no inventor of a new "science" over night who does not feel sure that his science must be added to the curriculum. And so this quantitative education of ours goes on, adding new requirements to new requirements, crowding, jostling, each subject the other, to the impairment of all. And our eminent inventor finds that his candidates do not know everything that an educated man ought to know; while there are some others of us who find that our college men are so crammed with mere information, hit or miss, that the actual trouble is that they know a little about most things and very little of that little really well.

I am a teacher of literature and my discourse to my students is much on poetry; moreover, I meet with the Philistine—to use a good old word in application to a thing at least as old if not as good—and I find him often in my classes, for Philistia geographically is all about us. Now, one of the marks of the Philistine is his tendency to ask questions. Like the child that he is in many respects, he does not know that anybody can ask questions that Socrates might puzzle to answer. And not unlike Mr. Edison, he proposes to have his questions answered or know the reason why. One of these posers is: "Now, what's the use of poetry, anyhow?" And the answer is: "Actually, my dear sir, poetry is of no use whatever." Of no use at all, dear sir; of no more use than kindliness, than charity, than truthfulness, than religion itself. Of no use at all, because immeasurable—as are the arts, the virtues, the things of this world and the next that are really worth while—immeasurable, I repeat, in the terms of utility. Of no use at all,

because these are things of value, not things of price—things of the spirit which enter into our lives to make us really what we are, to uplift and sustain us, ennoble us into something that is human, giving us at times a glimpse beyond into the divine. Are we kind to others that they may be kind to us and for no better reason? Do you hold with Benjamin Franklin that immoral doctrine that "honesty is the best policy," the most likely to keep you out of jail and help save up a bit in the long run? Are you truthful merely because you have learned that it does not pay to lie? Depend upon it, poetry is of no use. Few have ever made a living out of it, and it is little to the credit of those who have. A poet is not paid for his time. Out of this cheap category of pennies and that of bread, which we pray for so assiduously, infinitely above it, is the category of ideas, the category of things of the spirit, in the recognition of which we distinguish men from dray-horses; and therein poetry is the very height of man's power to express himself, to appreciate the universe about him, to convey the deepest of his thoughts on life and fate and eternity, the veritable pledge of his immortality. Let our questioner retire to his tent and set up his scales on his counter—poetry is not for such as he.

But let us return to education. An obvious part of education is a knowledge of life's ordinary tools and how to use them and keep them sharp. I am not in the slightest interested to hear that spelling is irksome to little children and that they would rather have teacher tell them fairy tales. I believe in fairy tales, but not as a substitute for spelling. Fairy tales will not stamp out illiteracy, and to stamp out

illiteracy is the first duty of the schools. I am equally callous to the statements of psychologists and pedagogues about the unfitness of certain minds to the idea of number. The unfitness is oftener in the teacher than in the child. Give every child the necessary implements without which he can not advance in his education; and give them to him first, when he is most readily taught. It is bad enough to have only half the world in any wise educated, if indeed it is anything like half. It is worse to have most of the people we meet, some of them college bred, half educated, because their teachers have, all along the line from the primary school to college, been robbing each the higher grade to escape that difficult necessity, the proper equipment of our children with an ability to read, write, spell, cipher and use English with a decent regard for grammar and sound usage. There are things in this world which are inseparable from effort and labor, and it is good that there are. Labor only becomes drudgery when accepted in a recalcitrant spirit or inflicted to a degree beyond justice or right. But the evasion of difficulties and the tendency to seek a way of life along the line of least resistance are things only too readily learned and form a part of our education which might be profitably curtailed. No human being—man, woman or child—is too good for honest toil, and if he gets it not in the schoolroom, when it comes, as it will in life, he will be only so much the less fitted to meet it. One of the immoralities of our school and college life is the interference of kind and tender hearted authority between an act of omission or neglect and its logical sequence; and another is the indulgence granted to whim in the selection of study, the

whim of the student, scarcely less often the whim of unwise parents. We are much troubled about the teaching of children how to play. American children do not have to be taught how to play; it is the one certain thing that comes by nature. Work is as imperative to health as play, and it is possible to imbue the merest child with an appreciation of its necessity and its dignity, its beauty even in the case of these homely essentials of which I have just spoken.

But with these essentials once in hand and the addition of a recognition of where we are as to the past and our relations to the things of the present, the trend of our further education should be directed more to the purpose of refining the temper of the mind, accustoming it to fruitful labor and quickening its apprehension than to filling it with mere information and, what is far worse, though very usual in the newer sciences, mere opinions about this, that or the other thing. A book came to my table the other day on the interesting topic, "The Coming of Man," and in it I read of the ultimate life that somehow developed in the water, that somehow was driven onto the land, that somehow took to trees and somehow descended and learned to walk upright on two legs. A fragment of skull in Java, a bit of a jaw in the Neanderthal, a bone or two elsewhere with centuries and centuries between, kitchen-middens in Denmark, lake dwellings in Switzerland, dolmens and burials, shell implements, stone axes, bronze spear heads, and we are off, generalizing by links in a chain which, however broken, we follow by leaps and bounds to hordes and races, wanderings and movements, long-heads and round-heads, black heads and light heads. I do not wish to cast asper-

sion on science—I have no right to—but how slender are these evidences, how sweeping and "certain" are some of these generalizations; and how provisional as yet it all is after all. We have had our theological guess and it has gone with most of us into the pleasant land of fable; and the metaphysical guess has fared little better. We are now having our scientific guess. Let us sincerely wish well for it. But with all the "evidences," how uncertain, how provisional, I repeat, it all is.

Again, let me not be misunderstood. I am no enemy to science, all the arts forbid! And I acknowledge what the study of science, especially experimentally, has done for the powers of observation, discernment, the critical attitude and all the rest. But I do submit that the extraordinary vogue which we now give to some of the sciences, especially the newer sciences, is substituting to a considerable degree theorizing, speculation and individual opinion for ascertained facts and realities, based on experience. Even speculation has its part in education, but the speculation of the trained metaphysician is a higher exercise in that species of mental gymnastics than the confident deliverances and cock-sure uncertainties which make up a good deal of our pseudo-scientific investigation. If we can still believe in so antiquated an idea as the discipline of the mind, much is to be said for the higher mathematics, one of the few realms of the imagination to which applies that severity of logic which goes mostly by default in this our uncertain world. Is it not a pity that we are teaching so much in our colleges that has to be unlearned before the student reaches middle life? And is there not something to be said for studies—if

there be any such—which can go for a long time at least uncontradicted, even if you place them no higher than for their value by way of information?

Thus far I have endeavored to make clear the distinction between price and value and to apply this somewhat to the consideration of education; to show how the utilitarian standards which govern price have entered into our ideas, to give us the conception of what I have called elsewhere quantitative education. If I have made myself clear, you will recognize that I do not despise the utilities, but I deny to them a usurping place in education. I do not question that we must live by bread, but I deny that we live to buy bread, eat bread, make bread, get rich on bread alone; and I likewise deny that the part of education which has to do with the getting of bread is that part of the process which develops to the highest degree—or to any degree very much—those functions which make man man, which account for human progress and lead to achievements the value of which is beyond the measurements of mere practicality.

And now there arises a very important question: "If you are going to deny that typewriting or domestic science is as good a study as Latin or philosophy, if you question the substitution of civics and sociology for ancient and medieval history, and pedagogy, the science of how to do it, for the thing actually to be done, what are the marks by which we are to determine the educational value of any study?

Before I attempt to answer this question—which will keep for a moment—I should like to disabuse your minds,

if I can, as to one of our prevalent notions about education in a democracy; I will not say " democratic education," because, as I hope that you will see, there is really no such thing. Have you ever heard even the most liberal and eloquent of the evangelists talk of democratic salvation, of repentance *en masse,* of contrition for sin in platoons? Now, education is just as much a personal act, just as much an individual matter as salvation itself. You can train a platoon or a regiment; but if you educate, it is in your officers' camp, and what the officer learns is individual. The things which we can do for the people at large amount mainly to a " leveling down." Take a great popular amusement such as the movies have become; they are " leveled down " to the taste of the vulgar. Take ragtime music, now succeeded by a further degeneracy into jazz mockery, and you have a further example of leveling down. The appeal to men in masses is that of the demagogue, the cheap revivalist, the charlatan. Its tone is the tone of the crowd. And we feel this in a democracy as we do not feel it in a more aristocratic community; because in the latter the less well educated, the less moneyed, the less well bred, are not vocal but acquiescent, while in a democracy every man can make himself heard—and does. To return, I have just said that education is an individual act, as individual an act as that of salvation; it is not to be had vicariously, but depends upon effort. In truth, education in its nature, as concerned with the individual man and his special betterment, is essentially undemocratic. It can raise the mass only ultimately by raising the individual, and in doing this last for a time at least it is a disturber of equality. Indeed, why

not take the bull by the horns and acknowledge frankly that education is aristocratic, looking forward as it must in its endeavor to the discovery of the best, to increase individual capability, to the equipment of the officers in the armies of democracy. And an officer, to the extent of his superior knowledge or equipment, is an aristocrat. " Education for leadership " is the only education; the results of its process make for an ultimate general leveling up, but only by making the tall taller.

But surely, says the advocate of what he calls " democratic education," " surely there must be studies fitted for the free, though they be no more than studies related to the happy state in which the free man lives." Depend upon it, there are no studies as such particularly fit for democracy. To restrict your study of government, for example, to free government—if there really be any such—is as much restriction and propaganda as to confine your studies to tyranny. In short, to insist that children study the only kind of thing which you think best for them to know is to arrogate much and to substitute direction for education. Such is the method of dark ages. I rather suspect that the vogue of vocational training and other specialized substitutes for actual education comes from the circumstance alluded to above: that you can train platoons, though you can not educate by platoons. And note how undemocratic is this idea of studies selected for the mass who must earn their livings and hence must be content with inferior opportunities. Training merely for business loses sight of the right of every citizen in a democracy to be regarded as a potential President of the United States. Stud-

ies picked out for those who can not be supposed to be likely to go very far, whether they are of one type or another, constitute class education and as such are undemocratic; for while we know that men are neither born really free nor yet equal, the one stronghold of democracy is equality of opportunity. Birth, race, natural endowment, money, education, deny it as we may, all make for diversity, variety, inequality, and I should add, rightly employed, for development and progress; for in these diversities and degrees alone can the world function and man live according to that which is within him. Equality of opportunity—and equality before the law—which is only one form of opportunity—is the only equality granted to man. This is perhaps all that democracy really means in the ultimate, and who could want more?

Returning to the question, "What studies?" I confess that I am much less orthodox than the terms of my discourse thus far may have suggested. Barring the largely speculative nature of our pseudo-sciences, and the miscalling of mere training in how to do something mechanical or technical, a "study," I have very few prejudices. I object to the overemphasis of any one group of studies by which a student becomes biased at the outset of life and remains oblivious of a part of it; although nothing is more important than specialization in due time on something to which the student feels drawn, and hence for which in all likelihood he has a certain aptitude. I emphatically object to specialization on an insufficient foundation, remembering that the best specialist is always the man who knows most about other things. And I reprobate the preposterous idea

that the past has little to teach. The past contains so nearly everything that is worth knowing that the present may readily take care of itself. The present usually does, obtruding itself upon us, but in the very act departing all too rapidly into the despised things of yesterday. It is the prevalence of science in our day that has given to us this emphasis upon the passing moment, for new science is the only science and not to be up to date scientifically is to fall in the march of progress. But there is much in human history of which this imperative novelty is not an essential; and the permanency of art and of literature should teach us this.

Wherefore, if we must consider studies in their intrinsic worth educationally, I should say, first, that the study is of far less importance than the spirit in which it is pursued. One of the things which these late times seem completely to have forgotten—at least here in America—is the circumstance that the word scholarship once meant leisure, time to potter over things, time to think and meditate about them, give them opportunity to form, grow and come into being in the mind, to be brought forth only, when ready to be born. Now, alas, we express our ideas by a literal expressure, like the motive power of thumb and finger in exuding paint from a tube. And we have substituted for leisure a terrible thing which we call purpose. Think of the adorable times in which a man might write a whole book—like Robert Burton his *Anatomy of Melancholy*—a book absolutely destitute of any purpose whatever, merely the expression of the man who sauntered through life, carrying his enormous learning, seriously but not purposefully,

for the joy that is in the acquisition of learning, not with any ultimate design to improve, to edify, or astonish anybody. With such an ideal, we can study without stopping to consider extraneous values, without that sterilizing question, "Is it worth while?" with a concentration in which alone can we hope for genuine fruitful results.

To dogmatize, if not to state the tenets of a creed: a study is valuable educationally in the inverse ratio of its probable practical utility. To put it in another way, a study is valuable educationally in proportion to its practical inutility. For such a study alone may be pursued disinterestedly, and disinterestedness is the first of the virtues of scholarship. To study Greek, for example, because you are going to become a minister—and a minister should be able to read the New Testament in the original—this is not to study Greek disinterestedly. To read the poets for fodder to feed to college classes, alas! this is not to study literature disinterestedly. Disinterested scholarship is an ideal unattainable, I confess, in a work-a-day world; but is it not worth while to have what Plato would have called the divine idea of scholarship before the eye of the mind? Disinterestedness then; and, secondly, remoteness. By which, if I interpret the fine scholar to whom I owe this latter thought aright, is to be understood that novelty which comes from a subject-matter, not too readily translatable into the terms of our everyday life and experience. Of course, we may easily add that a third quality is to be found in permanence, that indestructibility which is art's as contrasted with the impermanency and provisional quality of much, if not all science, to say nothing of speculative theories about

things in general derived at second hand which form the bases of the popular pseudo-sciences of the moment.

And naturally there follows the question: "These studies which combine disinterestedness, remoteness and a certain permanency, what are they? Obviously nearly any study may be pursued disinterestedly, if the student will but take this attitude. As I think of our graduate schools, become as to nine-tenths of their students merely schools for the equipment of teachers, I sigh at the prospect. Though do not think for a moment that I am finding fault with these willing, diligent, able, docile students who are ours in our graduate schools, young men and young women who would be a credit to any nation and any time. It is their misfortune, and ours, that we live in an almost hopelessly practical age, one in which it matters not what we do, it must have in it ever the deadly blight of a useful purpose. It is because of this that our universities are so losing their hold on research, which, if we continue to remain so inhospitable, must inevitably find new homes in new foundations, as is already happening in the sciences.

But secondly, as to remoteness, some of the sciences offer us the best topics, and that is their chief educational strength. But remoteness has its limitations and the egotistic spirit of man is ever after analogies and echoes in his own heart. In a sense, of course, all science is intimately associated with man. A lady at Vassar was wont, we are told, to begin the study of Shakespeare with the amœba; but it seems to the uninitiated mere man a long cry from protoplasm to Othello. Hence the history of man rather than his prehistory, ancient languages rather than the archæology which

precedes written records, and literature which exists for artistic expression rather than that form of it which records the things which people call "facts": it is such that offer us combinations of remoteness with human interest which are unparalleled elsewhere. Once more, as the highest art combines with the deepest possible human interest in the great classics of Greece and Rome and in those of our own older modern literatures—in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser in our own tongue, in Dante, Calderón, Molière elsewhere—and as art has a permanency, a consistency, a completeness which is lacking to a large extent in the change and flux of the sciences, it is there, and for these reasons, *there,* that we shall find, and continue to find, those highest cultural agencies which mark what may be called the vitamins in the collation of education.

The collation of education, food for the mind, and let us not forget it, for the soul, even as there is need of food for the body. Starches, sugars, proteins, fats, be the dietary what you will. We are losing our teeth, we are told, because we no longer have to use them in the vigorous mastication of our fathers' homely foods. Are we losing our educational teeth, also, with attractive courses and addiction to sweetmeats, or pap that can be swallowed instead of fiber that must be chewed? In a well-ordered dinner there is variety and there is a very proper appeal to appetite and varied tastes. So, too, our educational diet should offer variety of nutrition and be rich in all the constituents necessary to healthy sustenance. Lastly, we can be starved or overfed or reduced to the condition of anemia by stuff which, going under the name of education, could not pass

muster, had we the real need of the present moment, an educational pure-food law.

Let us, then, be not ashamed that in the education which has been ours, we have followed not after strange gods nor wandered from the paths trodden honorably by our fathers. It is something to have communed with the great of the past; it is something to have been not a stranger in Greece, nor yet unknowing in Rome; to have visited with Cicero and to have conversed with the Muses. And do not shrink when taunted that your education has been undemocratic. The education of the demos is a myth, except as we may hope to raise the mass of our fellows in the education of as many as possible of such as care for its advantages and will make sacrifices to attain them. For education is a personal act, I repeat, not a something cast like a cloak upon one, and the only equality among men is the equality of opportunity. Think what this means and you will not accuse me of restricting the ideals of liberty. With equality to all men, each according to his capability, with no door shut and no hand clutched to withhold, with ignorance reduced to a shadow and every man respected for what he is, we should have a democracy above the idle dreams of rhetoric and yet maintain that difference and differentiation of function which makes the great machinery of the world's coöperation, political, vocational, intellectual, and spiritual, the means in the future, as it has never been to the full in the past, to the onward march of mankind.

IV

The Graduate School

IT is always a privilege to speak to a university audience, although it may not always be an equal privilege to listen to a university professor. You, our expectant, hopeful students, come to us recurrently with the turn of the year. You are always new, yet always the same; a fresh wonder, dare I say it—like the spring, full of hope and promise; and, like the blossoms and the leaves, so many of you! To you, the University is an episode; to us who teach in it, a vocation, a pleasant expectation in an agreeable task; for I know of nothing more agreeable than teaching; an anxiety, too—although I have been at it a lifetime—as to whether I am going to pull it off again this year, whether I may not have begun to ossify and harden in my opinions and to lose, in a measure, that litheness and suppleness—that adaptability—which I cannot but think of the first importance in teaching as otherwise in life. Leaving flourishes, my theme is the graduate school and the student in his relations to it; your graduate school; it is your shop rather than mine. For this university exists for you, its students; its books, its laboratories, its opportunities, its learning—all are yours, and at your disposal to use or repudiate as you will; and we, your teachers, whatever our fine phrases as to our own importance, are performing our most legitimate function when we are best serving you.

To get at what a graduate school is, or at least should be, let us consider it in two obvious contrasts: its contrast with the technical school and its contrast with the undergraduate college. A graduate school is clearly one in which the activities of the students are concentrated and focused for the acquisition of a peculiar degree of knowledge in some definite field. In this quality of specialization, the graduate school resembles the technical school where everything is subordinated to a given purpose, the acquisition of skill in engineering, the specific knowledge necessary to keeping the human body in health, or of preserving, under the law, men's rights and their property. But the graduate school is not merely a technical school such as this, where is taught knowledge merely, or at least largely, in its applications. The graduate school differs in that it stands for knowledge in itself, for pure knowledge as it is sometimes called, irrespective of application or ulterior purpose or use. Equally in contrast, if in another way, is graduate to undergraduate study. The goal of the secondary school and college is the making of an educated man; the purpose of the graduate school is the turning out of an expert. In college, it is well to learn something about many things; in the graduate school it is imperative that we seek to learn all that we can learn in a chosen field. College work is suggestive, stimulating, discursive, incomplete; graduate work should be thorough-going, painstaking, exhaustive, definite, and characterized by a freedom and an independence in its conduct which the secondary school allows only at peril to its purposed results. In short, the idea of the secondary school, and the college as well, is

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guidance. The idea of the university is opportunity. Unhappily, in these our days, we have obscured these obvious distinctions so that our education, undergraduate, graduate and technical, often exhibits a disheartening hodge-podge of overguidance and neglect, system and a revulsion against system, the expert trained in the nursery and the graduate student hedged about with regulations more appropriate to the kindergarten. Ideally, the graduate student should walk alone, and call for aid only when he needs it. He should think for himself, study as he will, choose for himself and plan his work as an independent individual. The system of merely listening to what is told him reminds me of a bottling establishment—if such an intoxicating anomaly still exists—in which in place of the standard and equal quart or pint of each receptacle, the bottles to be filled are various: large, small, narrow-necked, wide-mouthed, what you will. Each will contain its own capacity and it will contain no more; perhaps not quite that. For who knows if all the bottles of any class are equally empty? Your mere lecturer comes in with his watering pot to fill all impartially. Is his own supply sufficient to endow all with the joy of fullness? Or will he, perhaps, leave many dry? For our human bottles automatically cork, some of them, at some efforts at filling.

I have just said that the graduate student should think for himself, study under his own guidance, choose his way from among many ways and plan his own progress. The difference, in a word, between graduate and undergraduate work lies in this contrast between activity and passivity, be-

tween the automatic processes of maturity and the admonitory musterings of childhood.

Views about education are as many as there are people who talk about them: and what do we talk about more and understand less? My own views, I must premise, are those strictly of an amateur, not a professional. I should resent being called an educator. I am merely a teacher; but I have been submitted for a couple of score of years to the best possible experience about any profession, the active practice of it; and I have not succeeded in remaining immune to the many complaints constantly attendant upon the educational process. The first thing to remember about education is the undeniable fact that it begins with birth and ends, perhaps—if it really end there—in one or other of those contrasted educational establishments, above or below, whither some theologies tell us we are all tending. Schools and colleges are really only a makeshift to short-circuit, for a few years, the electrical currents of experience and thereby stimulate the acquisition of certain knowledge which the race has gathered cumulatively and which experience tells us it is advisable that a good many of us should possess. This stimulating process is naturally supervised by people who are supposed to know how to apply its apparatus; and it works well or fails according to their skill, or want of it, and the alertness or supineness of those to whom it is applied. Somebody cynically remarked that the human race has done fairly well, considering for how short a time in its historic life it has been submitted to the processes of education. And somebody else has thought—if he has not dared to say it— that it is not an unwise dis-

pensation of Providence that mankind is after all so impervious to our average educational processes. However, if education is as continuous and as unescapable as I have intimated above, clearly we make a mistake as students in depending too trustingly on these transient stimulators, our teachers, who drive us to our tasks or lure us to them when, for the greater part of our lives, we are dependent on ourselves with only the help of that stern school mistress, Dame Experience, who rules ever with a ferule in her hand and is deterred by no parochial laws forbidding corporal punishment. It is a truism that the only things that we really learn are those that we learn for ourselves. With all respect to the first question of the catechism (however wondering somewhat if the accepted answer can possibly apply to some people), the best made man is often the self-made man and the best part of any man's or woman's education that which he has actually acquired for himself. Into this graduate work of yours, then, put a personal initiative, an active " push " of your own. The weak and timorous follow along the beaten trail; the vigorous press forward and break new paths. Do not take your graduate work like a personally conducted trip to Europe. You go where it is arranged that you go, and see what it is arranged that you shall see. Better the wayward vagabond in a wilderness, at least going where he will, than a conscript marching in patient goose-step in the dust of the highway. Believe what you believe and know what you know by right of your own intellectual conquest. There is nothing like the glow that comes with a rub-down after a plunge into, a buffeting with, the turbulent breakers of fact. It may be only a little

disturbance that you are making along the edge of the great sea of learning, but it is your own and the effort has made you stronger for greater ventures.

Next to mental activity and independence in your work, I should place a certain objectivity: I prefer to call it disinterestedness. Ask yourself seriously: "What am I here for?" "Why am I doing this?" Is it because you have determined that teaching is a genteel sort of business in which, if there are few prizes, there are also few risks? That you can raise your wage-earning capacity by going in for a Ph.D.? Not that you are particularly interested in knowledge, or in young people or that sort of thing, "but one has to do something, you know." Or is it perhaps that you feel, thank you, that one meets rather nice people in a college and a university, or that there is a certain prestige—let us hope, for there is little else—in scholarship or alleged scholarship, the two coming in this connection to pretty much the same thing? Young men—and young women too—have been known to go to a university and sojourn there for no better reasons than these. Examine yourself in this matter; and be honest with yourself about the answer. You need not tell me, nor any of your teachers. When we have become acquainted with you, that will be quite unnecessary. But in thinking about this or other like matters, in the name of the nine worthies or the seven cardinal sins, let me conjure you, do not be introspective. I shall not take issue with the poet who declared, "the proper study of mankind is man," if he meant, as I think that he meant, some other man. But there are students—though not students alone—whose alphabet is comprised in

only one vowel, the middle one, whose curriculum centers in it, and who study really no other subject than the psychology of the ego. Strange that its sameness and monotony never flag. Throw yourself into your work, forget yourself in it. It stands to reason that the rest of the world, its history, its literature, its science, its art is more interesting and fuller of variety than any individual, however introspectively and scientifically observed of himself. The question is not "Am I fitted to the pursuit of mathematics?" but "Have I the grit and determination to conquer this knotty problem?" Not, whether my mind, being poetic, is therefore above the petty drudgery incident to the acquisition of a new language, but whether I am going to submit to classification among people defective linguistically or scientifically inept. I am aware that few of us are so unwise as to expend useless effort on things which can bring no good to us or to others. But in this matter of scholarship, I beg of you to notice that, like nearly, if not quite, everything in life, the actual value of anything that we do is in the effort, the activity, not in the thing itself. That degree that you are after—what is it? "A scrap of paper" now, not even a veritable sheepskin. It will mean to you just what you have expended upon it; it is valuable to the extent to which it has contributed to making you the man or woman that you really are. Its actual utility is a spiritual, not a material one, though it may incidentally get you a slightly better income as a teacher than you might have had without it. To use a favorite similitude of mine, a degree is like the hall-mark on an article of silver: it does not make the thing silver, but tells you what it is.

You know what your degree has cost you, not in dollars but in effort. And your degree is worth just so much to you, and it is worth no more.

But I have not yet done with this word " disinterested." We hear much of education as equipment for life. If this means a bigger fardel of facts to stumble under, an arsenal of ammunition to draw from in the struggle for life, or a treasury of information to support you in an affluence of pride greater than your neighbor, I assure you that such an education is not worth the trouble of acquiring it. I am willing to tread quite a distance out of my way, if not run a mile, to avoid a well-informed man. I dislike his superior airs only a little less than I detest the usual irrelevancy of his information. I cannot but feel that it is far wiser to regard the whole educational process as far less a garnering of knowledge than a method of bringing about a contact with facts scientific, with truths ascertained, together with the ordering and arranging of them by manipulation of the mind to discover both facts and truth in a new relation. And the process is less valuable in itself, or even for that it discovers, than in the effect which this species of human activity has on the mind and on the spirit of the student. Wherefore two things: the better education is that which is pursued disinterestedly and without ulterior purposes of utility or immediate application to practical ends. And, secondly, those topics are educationally most fruitful which are furthest removed from the possibilities of purely practical application. This is an old—perhaps old-fashioned—notion; one which I have harped on much in my day and shall continue to harp on to the end. This is

why all the "educators" in America have not been able to kill the classics and why the spirit of the humanities, which I reiterate is less in the mere subject-matter than in our attitude towards it, continues to flourish whether it inhere in Greek and Latin, where we expect it although we do not always find it, or in the fine temper of a sincere and diligent application to a science, such as biology, the speculations of philosophy, or even the higher mathematics.

A practical difficulty in most of our American graduate schools lies in the circumstance that they have become almost literally technological, as definitely schools for the equipment of teachers of higher grade as a medical school is one for the equipment of doctors, or as a law school, the foundation of a legal training. This is a difficulty not because the training of teachers should be deprecated, but because the prevalent spirit of graduate work has suffered a change from a condition of that ideal disinterestedness of which I have spoken to the definite pursuit of training in a wage-earning profession. "Be taught that you may teach" is not exactly one with a disinterested pursuit of knowledge either for its own sake or for the broadening of the horizon of learning, a lift into a higher intellectual world, or the other fine things which we hear of graduate training. "Be taught that you may teach" tends to cheapen learning, to lessen effort to an easy contentment with the minimum necessary "to get by." It makes no discoveries, maintains no ideals, and busies itself not at all with the frontiers of human knowledge. I do not want to discourage any aspirant for knowledge, man, woman or child. I am almost clannishly the friend, I hope, of my own kind,

my fellow teachers, and proud to be a member of the guild. But I am not quite sure whether the training best likely to make an effective teacher, in the secondary grades, let us say, of education, is precisely the training most likely to make an investigator, a contributor to science, a historian, a litterateur. I feel reasonably certain that a thoroughgoing knowledge of a subject is the prime essential to the teaching of it. Fill yourself full of your subject and give out of that fulness. I am even bold enough, and antiquated enough, to maintain that some acquaintance with the subject that you are trying to teach is preferable to the most consummate pedagogical learning as to how to teach it. But are these two things identical: the making of a competent teacher and the making of a consummate scholar? Of course the two qualifications do occasionally most happily combine, and no teacher who is really such is the less for the animus of research in him or for anything else that makes for a larger personality. But in our training can we expect to get the one thing by a process contrived largely to produce only the other? Must we all be trained in the higher tactics and finesse of strategy when our destined and accepted vocation is to carry the musket? How many hours have I spent in my day wrestling with the sequence of ideas or rather the chaos of them, with the English or rather the want of it, with the punctuation, and even the spelling, of graduate theses! How many hours do we all of us spend on the tactics, strategy and ballistics of our particular warfare with such as have never been taught to present arms!

Your graduate work will comprise mainly three processes. First, what you hear, the lecture: in most cases com-

paratively the least important. Secondly, what you read, seek, investigate, work out for yourself, that is the laboratory, infinitely more important; and third, what you find, discover, reconstruct and make out of it all. This is incalculably the most important. Here it is that the guidance of your teachers should count most, whether your work be the question of a process accurately or inaccurately pursued, an investigation in which you have gathered evidence and weighed it, or some other piece of synthesis. I am a great believer in paper work for literary and historical subjects. There is clarification in setting down your ideas and arranging them, and there is no function of the teacher more important than a careful and assiduous attention to this or other form of the laboratory work of his students. Those were grand old days in Athens when Socrates with five or six chosen disciples discussed in open air all things sacred and mundane. There was no class-room, no heating, lighting, nor need of the ventilation of anything but opinion. There was no crowding, no limitation as to subject or curriculum, no hours to keep as to time, no entrance or other examination save the constant Socratic hammering, and no diploma, blanketing under the same recommendation one man's whole-hearted work and another's evasion of nineteen-twentieths of it. Our conditions are different, our reading is become multifarious; our writing has hard press to keep up to it, while our arithmetic can scarcely calculate our numbers. Hence our many devices to meet a horde of students with a horde of teachers in a horde of subjects with never a Socrates amongst us all. The education of the many is a great strain on the education of the few.

But in graduate work we are, supposedly at least, dealing with the education of the few, of those who have survived, so to speak; and O that the processes by which you do come to us were such as to give us always the fittest!

I have said above that the lecture is the least important of the three major processes—shall I call them—to which you are to be submitted in the graduate school. When I remember what the psychologist tells us of the effort necessary on the part of any auditor to listen to anything that anybody is saying with any continuity of concentration, I do not wonder at some of the " returns " which quizzes and examinations bring us. It is so easy to loaf on the job, if the job is only listening to a lecture, even a harmless, pleasing lecture, if there were ever such. That rapt, attentive gaze which so attracts the lecturer may conceal happy thoughts at many removes from the drone of talk. That studious and flattering noting down of every unimportant utterance may not be altogether what it seems. One of the most assiduous notetakers I have ever had was really spending these idle lecture hours in caricaturing everybody in sight, the lecturer included, with a clever pencil. The lecture-system is at best a make-shift, a necessary make-shift, I confess, but of comparatively little efficiency except in the creation of an atmosphere, so to say, a state of mind. And this I shall not deny it in skillful hands and in a subject that lends itself to discursive amplification.

The laboratory is the true home of graduate study, whether you have your own table in the chemical, physical or biological hall, or construct a laboratory out of the books with which you are working or the authorities that you con-

sult. Here it is that method counts; for there is a professional as well as an amateurish way of doing almost anything, a way which is the outcome of experience and the successive efforts of many men; and there is a haphazard way of one's own, improvised for the moment, sometimes accomplishing much, but for the most part wasteful of time and ineffective in results. There are few of us in these undisciplined days who are not the better for having to do things on time, in a manner sanctioned by usage and in accord with even the minor conventions. Indeed, I am still old-fashioned enough to believe in the discipline of punctuality, nicety in detail and the like as valuable elements in the process of education, yes, even higher education. I know of no walk in life into which discipline does not enter—usually discipline in small matters; and unwise are those who, refusing its wholesome daily restraints, pay the whole accumulated debt in failure. Living is not so for any long period, so why should education alone be painless? Unsuccess in the world is seldom offered the opportunity of a second trial. It is a grave question as to the degree of our responsibility in college and university when we interfere, as we so often do, between the student and the consequences of his own act.

The seminary is a striking feature of the laboratory system as applied to subjects into which neither apparatus nor the manipulation of material can enter. The name, though a little misleading, is one of the good things that came out of Germany before the war; although, as to the thing itself, I cannot see wherein it differs from the conversations of Plato and other Greek philosophers with their disciples in porch or portico. As you all know, the main idea of the

seminary is the discussion, on as equal terms as possible between teacher and students, of topics within the range of the general subject of the course, the subject developing by successive contributions of each student in the form of a report, read before the class and discussed. The seminary is at its best when its numbers are not too many, when the students composing it are best read in the general topic and when formality is thrown to the winds. I recall with pleasure a class of the kind in philosophy of which I was a member when yet a student, and another of my own, a little later, in both of which we lost the sense of time and sat, sometimes into the small hours, in earnest and interested discussions, full of zeal to thresh out things to the full. It is good for a class to hear what its strongest members can make out of their work; and weaker endeavors are not without their lesson to more than the weaker brother. No degree of tact, kindliness or patience can be excessive on the part of him who conducts a university class in this difficult manner; for in such the teacher holds out the hand of fellowship, the encouragement of an elder worker in the field, and overthrown are the barriers of pride, importance and false dignity, none of which things has any place in the walks of veritable scholarship.

The results of your laboratory work, on the basis of the subjects you pursue with the guidance of your teachers, are put forth, more or less repeatedly, in the shape of periodical reports and ultimately in the form of a thesis. There are various opinions prevalent among us, your teachers, as to both the report and the thesis; and the nature of the subject of your study cannot but affect the character of

each and the question of the preference of one kind of this student's " come back " over the other. There are branches of learning, especially in the sciences, in which valuable results can be tabulated or otherwise stated within the convenient compass of a few pages; and there are subjects the very nature of which require not only space for presentation but a considerable degree of historical acumen and literary skill. I have never been able personally to attach a greater intrinsic importance to the student's thesis than that of an elaborated exercise, intended first of all to benefit the student in his preparation of it, and only incidentally contrived by means of any veritable discovery to astonish the learned world. The current practice of publishing the work of inexperienced, amateur and untried scholarship is little to the credit of our universities. These forced products of hot-house education are a vexation alike to those who write them, to those who see that they are written and to the public who never read them. The printing of the thesis of every student who is an aspirant for the degree of doctor of philosophy is an absurd borrowing of a pretentious German practice which ought to be discredited with some other academic pretenses. Publication has never converted mediocrity into genius. Far better would it be to recognize the right to publish as a rare and coveted privilege, to be accorded to the occasional student the actual merit of whose thesis warrants it. Here, however, it becomes me to warn you that I am voicing the opinion of only a small minority, a procedure perhaps not altogether fair on my part. Most of us believe in the sanction that comes with the publication of graduate theses, feeling that the student will be nerved,

despite his want of experience, to more really serious effort thereby, an opinion which claims respect and is arguable. Less worthy, it would seem to me, is the argument, which I have heard advanced, that by requiring the publication of the work which he superintends the professor is "jacked up," so to speak, in his superintendence, so that he passes no inferior work. Another argument for publication asks us not to lose the opportunity of keeping the learned world apprized as to our scholarly activity and thus forfeit credit for that priority in the discovery of important truth which is suffered sometimes by failure to publish. It is a glorious idea this—whether we accept it or not—that the shadows which border the known and the unknown are dissolving, shadow by shadow, before the annual onslaughts of our young and brilliant graduate recruits, each armed with a brand new thesis in which is discovery, set as a priceless gem, the light of a truth which has never shown on sea or land, sending its piercing rays deep into the fogland of the unknowable. If our universities are really so desirous to display to the learned world the fullness, ripeness and efficiency of their scholarship, let them see to it that no work of tried and experienced research shall ever fail—as such work often fails—of a speedy and appropriate publication.

However, the thesis, such as it is, is before us; what shall we do with it? Let us accept the advisability, the necessity even, that every student aspiring to the doctor's degree shall be required to do a piece of original work, putting into it his best and making in it, if possible, a genuine contribution to his subject. Originality, however, like most things, is relative, and "discovery" is not always ob-

jective as well as subjective. The benefit to the student in his work on his thesis lies in the novelty of the topic *to him,* not, save in a certain very brief repute, in the novelty of the subject to those who have traversed that road again and again. It is a question as to whether the re-investigation of a topic peculiarly fitted to train the student in his vocation of scholarship may not often be preferable to some novelty, the triviality or irrelevancy of which alone has saved it from previous investigators. Although your view or mine of the whole question must depend on whether you regard education as an achievement tangible in itself, or think of it with me, as merely a process and means toward development and growth.

Many are the wakeful hours bestowed on the query: "a subject for my thesis." The higher points of scholarship, attained after years of effort, disclose an endless prospect of things yet to do. The student toiling upward on the slopes can see only the objects near him and sometimes hardly these. Nor is it easy for the teacher to assign a topic to comparative inexperience and in a knowledge only partial of the personal qualifications of the student. Our Teutonic practice of publishing everything that is fit to print and a good many things that are by no means fit, much curtails our choice; although anything may be done over again with a quirk of difference in the treatment and an initial deliverance about the insufficiency of your predecessor's work; very much as the entire Bible, we are told, was once retranslated into one of the difficult languages of the Fiji or some other island, because the word "baptism" proved, on examination, not to have been translated

with theological—or perhaps it was sectarian—exactness.

It is by far the best that the student should choose his own subject and bring into play in it any peculiar training or personal aptitude or taste that he may be so fortunate as to possess. This is not only economy; it makes for success. Into the details of the gathering of material, the sifting of it and the ordering of the thesis, it is not fitting that I enter here, particularly as my mind naturally centers in one kind of thesis, that which is more or less literary in its presentation. However, whatever your subject, endeavor to present it in the most effective manner possible as to the underlying logic of its structure; let clear and unambiguous language be that in which you write; and, as to brevity, lean to mercy's side. Indeed, if you are given to prayer in times of extremity—and the period of the preparation of a thesis is assuredly a period of extremity—do not pray for learning, for learning comes not of prayer, but of industry; and do not pray for eloquence, for eloquence and the gauds of rhetoric do not belong to this plain, forthright task, the thesis. But if ever a divine Providence looks down upon the affairs of men and you are veritably a believer in the efficacy of individual petition in personal affairs, pray for sanity in the conduct of your work, for a sense of proportion in it and especially in its relations to other things. I am not sure that sanity is not the very first requisite of scholarship. Sanity may keep a man mute, though it make him not always glorious. Sanity preserves us from vagary, from theorizing, from irrelevancy and from pride.

There used to be a saying prevalent among young doctors of learning recently returned from abroad: "Scientif-

ically, all subjects are equally important." And another—evidently invented by some clever dull fellow to account for his own dullness—"When you interest anybody in your work, beware, it is probably not sound." It is not true that all subjects are equally important, even in what is called science. Nor is science a thing so removed from the ordinary walks of our lives as to differ either in its materials or in its processes from our usual human vocations. Let us not wrap up such learning as we have in mysteries. It is often difficult to determine what is important or what is not; and in history we may look back on opinions and what seem to us mere quibbles, theological and political, for which good men have laid down their lives. As I listen, as I must at least annually, to the titles of the long list of theses prepared under the superintendence of my colleagues, each in his own specialty, I am struck with the huge areas of learning in which I am a stranger and an alien; and I criticize not their importance or unimportance; but realize—a wholesome thing for any of us—the limitations of my own knowledge. As to the warning, "beware of interesting anybody," in this matter of your thesis, possibly you may not be in any very serious peril.

Now in these words of mine I have been admonitory, critical, didactic and expository. All of these are quite dreadful things and it becomes me to bring this sermon to an end. Some of the things that I have sought to tell you are obvious enough, although we often stumble over the obvious just because it is so much in the way. Take, then, the notions as to your graduate work which I have endeavored

to set before you, remembering, if any of them seem to you heretical or absurd, that the stirrings of false doctrine are better far than apathy and that in your own triumphant refutation of error alone lies safety and truth.

V

Academic "Rights and Privileges"

THERE is a phrase which we are accustomed to hear from the lips of authority when degrees are conferred at commencement. It is a formal phrase and, as such, little likely to give pause to the mind among the ceremonies that mark the momentous step which the student is taking from "the cloistered seclusions" of the university—if there be any such left—out into the wider, the more strenuous arena of the world. Whatever may be the course which you have been pursuing, now that you have reached the goal, the Provost will shortly tell you that, in granting you your coveted degree, the University thereby admits you "to all the rights and privileges which appertain to this degree throughout the world."

And what, we may well ask, are these rights, these privileges, appertaining to your degree? You of the arts with your liberal foundation on which to rear whatever superstructure you will; or you of the technical schools whose specific training has equipped you to the performance of a specific task? What are the rights and the perquisites which are yours who, in some one of a hundred different ways, are to direct the huge mechanisms of trade; or yours of the professional schools, you who are to care for the property, the liberties and the lives of your fellow men? You are turned out of our universities, these great schools of

everything, and sent forth into a confiding world to guide yourselves in it and, in due time, to guide others, to diagnose and remedy ills temporal and spiritual, to use such instruments of precision in knowledge, training and skill, as your particular education may have entrusted into your hands; to take your part in the making of things or by misadventure at times perhaps in the marring of them. Well, then, may you inquire "doing what, shall I be within my rights and to what privileges are these letters patent, my degree, to entitle me?"

The world is full of rights—real and fancied ones—and of strife and battle-cry in the defense of them. There is the right of capital to regulate labor and the right of labor to dictate to capital. There is the right of the boss to govern and the right of the citizen, when he is not too busy, to object to it. And there is the right of free speech and of printing unlicensed, and the right to vote irrespective of any previous condition of servitude, ignorance or ineptitude. To pursue an endless enumeration no further, human rights are no less varied than human wrongs. Indeed, the most usual association of men is that in which they are banded together for the affirmation and maintenance of their rights. At times men unite politically to defend their rights. At times men unite politically to defend their right to govern themselves; at others they claim quite as unitedly the right to rule other men—brown men, yellow men, so that they be foreign, it matters not—and that right is usually denominated "a divine right" by those who feel called to exercise it. We are happily as unconcerned today with national destinies as we are unconcerned with international

hatred; but even in other domains than these, in our every-day life indeed, we hear the doctrine: "So that I maintain my place in the sun, it matters little if others, who are less strong and clever, perish in the cold and outer darkness." And the law of the brute struggle is carried into commercial, social, even into professional and academic life to the extinction of those finer qualities of mind and heart which the slow processes of civilization have won in arduous steps along the stony path that leads upward out of the jungle.

Now, your privileges as scholarly men and women are an extension, and no more, a refinement, of your rights as individuals; and in this refinement is involved a higher and a choicer obligation than that which binds those of less fortunate training. For there is no right in this world—be it political, social or individual—there is no right of any man or body politic that brings not with it a corresponding duty; there is no privilege of yours or of mine that has not its inseparably attendant obligation. Who am I that I dare claim a privilege for myself that is not, potentially at the least, my brother's? Who are you, whoever you may be, that you dare maintain a private right to the detriment of the equal rights of your fellowman? There are greater and there are lesser privileges even as there are

Thrones, dominions, princedoms, virtues, powers;

but attached to each in its degree are its correspondent duties and obligations, as verily and inevitably as every object casts a shadow commensurate with its bulk. If you are a small and petty soul, as you advance along the path of life, fighting your way or having your way fought for you, you will

ask at every corner, "Where do I come in? What am I going to get out of this?" And you will deserve all the kicks and the buffets that you will receive at the hands of your own common kind. If you are a man of some breadth and bigness, you will cherish your rights not as your one precious possession to assert in and out of season and fight for, but yours will be an unaffected eagerness to acquit yourself worthily and honorably in the career for which you have been prepared as a man and a scholar, and to bear your part in consonance and harmony with that great and placid symphony of peaceful human activity wherein, would to God, that all men today were only united.

There is an old Carlylian doctrine which you will find nowhere better stated than in the vigorous words of that noble book, *Sartor Resartus:* "In all situations out of the pit of Tophet," he tells us, "wherein a living man has stood or can stand, there is actually a prize of quite infinite value within his reach—namely, a duty for him to do; this highest gospel forms the basis and worth of all other gospels whatsoever." And if you ask, then, what is the first of the obligations that you now take upon you with a renewed force by reason of your graduation from a great institution of learning, the first indeed of your privileges, I answer, with Carlyle, the right and immutable obligation and privilege to labor. Wherefore have you been equipped, if it be not to toil like other men in the vineyard? Why all this study and preparation, if it is to lie idle and useless? From the same great seer we may learn how honorable is work and how disheartening it is to see the good gray matter composing the brain of an able man going to waste in sloth or frivolous

idling. But it is not merely work—which after all is most men's portion, whether we will or no. A university education should breed in you an attitude of mind, a joy in acquisition, a pleasure in obstacles to overcome that will give to all your activities a litheness and rebound, like that of the perfect physical reaction of the well trained athlete. I do not like the superior young man who saunters into my room to tell me how, for the attainment of those fine things for the accomplishment of which he was created, he feels content to condescend to a few years of drudgery. Little does he know that there is no position to which the serious man can be called, the bulk of the work of which is not drudgery, toil and tribulation, if the mind must so conceive it. There are limits to human strength and endurance; but there are no limits to the indomitable spirit of man. Drudgery is to a large degree an attitude of mind and assuredly among American students the casualties of overplay are greater than those of overwork. Cultivate a joyous spirit in your work and it will not seem drudgery. Radiate cheerfulness among those who work with you and you will relieve even the toil of others of its weariness. You can only get rich, I am told, if you contrive to have other men work for you; you can only reach the happiness, the glory, the benediction of labor if you work for yourself.

And second among your rights as an American, as a collegian, as an educated man or woman is your right to be free, to be yourself, to be no man's tool and no man's servitor. We do not shackle men's limbs, nowadays, nor, if they obey the reasonable behests of the law, do we lock men up in prisons. But the constraints of convention, the

weight of accepted opinion, the tyranny of parties and the clannishness of class still press heavily upon us, wearing us down to a dull uniformity of ideas and substituting for the courage of manhood a timorous acquiescence in the state of things precisely as they are. I am not one of those who believe that liberality as to the opinions of others is born of indifference as to our own. True liberality is the soldier's respect for the man behind the other gun. Let us stand by our own and die if need be, as thousands have died in its defense. But remember that the other man, too, is fighting for a principle as he sees it and let us honor his valor, his patriotism and devotion even as we would have him honor and respect our own. It is not given to any man to behold, in its completeness, that infinite circle wherein is harmonized all truth, and he who realizes the immensity of knowledge must remain most humble as to the tiny segment that may happen to be his own. Education, if it is to be more than a cheap drill in efficiency and skill in the juggling of facts, must beget in men a liberality and largeness of heart, as well as an agility and power of brain, for none can be free himself if he respect not the freedom of others.

It is a moot, if somewhat academic, question as to whether education really makes men virtuous or whether it merely frees the system of those lets and hindrances that prevent the normal functioning of the mental, moral and spiritual activities. So nice and dialectic a distinction as this is far too subtle for discussion here. But one thing is certain: education is, in the ultimate, a means to a larger freedom, a clearer vision, a wider influence and a greater power. To take your part in the councils of men, to do

your share in the actual work of the world, to speak as one who knows, nor hold your peace when you should speak—these are some of your rights. To discriminate more justly, to enjoy the best more keenly and to recognize the best, to take higher ground and exert an influence that shall make the world somewhat the better for your living in it—these, my friends and fellow collegians, are some of your privileges. It is something to be strong in the upholding of right because you know what right is, to be courteous to the opinions of others because the university has bred in you civility, to be liberal because you accord to other men the generous motives that habitually animate your own heart: these too are among the rights and privileges, the joys and honored obligations of the educated man.

Some among you are to take that straight—and, some would have it, narrow—path wherein walks the teacher. Remember, if such is to be your fate, that the teacher, like other men, has his advantages and his limitations. In these times of specialization he can rarely pretend to an expert knowledge beyond his own particular field. But in undertaking to teach others what he especially knows, the teacher does not thereby abdicate his right of opinion as a man even in the things in which he is not expert. We do not demand of the lawyer that he express himself only on the law nor of the moneyed man that he discourse only on finance. We allow to the clergyman a latitude of opinion on all subjects, save religion, wherein his fellows of the cloth may be trusted to hold him to a strict accountability. Then why should we deny to the teacher a similar freedom of speech and opinion? To the utterance of the lawyer we

habitually attach the weight of authority only so far as the law is concerned, to the physician only when he speaks as a physician. Even the Pope is, I take it, infallible only within the sphere wherein he is Pope; and in the same degree—but in no respect in lesser degree—does authority attach to academic utterance. In this land of freedom of speech and unaccountability as to any lawful action, it would be intolerable to allow to those who are the most deeply learned, the most thoroughly, if specifically, equipped, anything less than that full liberty which we grant to all other men. But in this right of independence in thought and liberty of speech, there inheres, in the case of the teacher also, a similar obligation to that which limits all freedom: the obligation that that freedom be exercised in absolute regard for the rights of other men.

If, then, it shall be the high calling of any one of you to teach, to give to others knowledge out of the fulness of your own, do not carry on your further education in your class-room, trying experimental ideas on those who have as yet no critical basis by which to test the efficacy of your thought. Do not seek repute by astonishing, untested theories which may attract attention peradventure as much to your precipitancy as to your ignorance. There are limitations to paradox and the Socratic method is best left to Socrates. A day of repute or even a nine days' wonder is little to that solid reputation for scholarship which comes only in years as the ripe fruit of honest, modest toil on the basis of character and actual achievement. The teacher's, together with the divine's, is the most serious of all human trusts. An idle word or a careless jibe may start a trail away from the

truth and foster that intolerant attitude of mind which is as hostile to true scholarship as it is to any true religion. It is not among the privileges of the teacher to be banal or vulgar. It is a precarious pedagogic experiment to attempt to teach correct doctrine by a glaring exploitation of its opposite deviation. The laying of unhallowed hands on things which are holy makes little towards godliness; and ignorant zeal in the layman little compensates for the absence of that spirit of restraint, respect and veneration with which the consecrated teacher approaches the temples of knowledge no less than the altars, even of other men's worship.

And lastly of these three greatest among the privileges into the fulness of which the Provost's words usher you today, the privilege of service. We hear a great deal of service in these days; the word has almost the currency, in our momentary educational cant, that " efficiency " had yesterday or " research " the day before, and it is often as narrowly conceived. I have little sympathy with the obligations of service that take man or woman away from the obvious duties which lie near him to new, interesting and distant fields. The charms of a foreign and tropical climate, where things are strange and novel, have begotten in many a misguided and adventurous boy a sense of his obligation to convert the picturesque heathen, when unpicturesque heathendom was raging at his very door. And there is many a college young woman who has left a mother and sisters, deprived of the service which might have sweetened their lives, to carry on some admirable propaganda wherein the discipline of others in the errors of their ways in no

wise helped her to correct her own in this particular. To help the needy, to feed the hungry, to teach the ignorant and make clean those soiled in the ways of the world—and to do these things not too wholly by the soulless methods of organization—all of these things are service. To heal the sick, succor the distressed, administer consolation to the bereaved—all of these things, too, are service. And all honor to the true-hearted men and women who give of their fulness, their labor and their forethought to all these noble ends and the innumerable others by which American charity and helpfulness to our fellow man has become recognized and appreciated throughout the world. But, besides all these things, there are other services, the service of leadership in state, in scholarship, in industry, in art. He is no unselfish man who devotes himself to enlarging the confines of science even although commercial applications in the way of feeding men, moving them about or killing them form no part of his achievement. Nor is he less in his service to his fellows, who, after his kind, seeks to throw human thought, human action or human art into a relation not hitherto made as clear, thus to add his quota to the sum total of truth. Above either of these is the creative artist, whatever the mode of his expression, for his service, as his who interprets to us the spiritual and divine, is the pledge of the hopes, the ideals and the aspirations of the race.

The University needs your help and your service, not as an obligation to be discharged like a debt, but as a sentiment of affection, of devotion, of allegiance, like our loyalty to this great country of ours. You do not leave the University behind you, as an episode in your life, completed

when you leave her halls. Every step of yours forward is a step forward to her, every success of yours is an addition to her repute. A university is not an assemblage of charming and adequate buildings, desirable as a fitting habitation may be; nor is a university merely an aggregation of books and the apparatus of learning with a decent staff of innocuous scholars to keep " the plant " silently running. The University is a great idea, ruling your brains, your hearts, and quickening your emotions. Your University is a thing to love and venerate, a thing to seek with all your might to be worthy of, a thing to be anxious and jealous about, an idea for you to strive to make better and nearer the highest ideal that you can conceive. You can serve the University by employing the training that she has given you for her honor as well as for your own; you can serve the University by shunning any act that is unworthy of that training and of her high traditions; by doing whatever you undertake to do as your share of the work of the world with all the strength and manliness that is in you, thus adding in your effort another strong and enduring link in the ever growing chain that has extended down from the founding of a colonial charity school, more than a century and a half ago, to our capable, powerful, beneficent Pennsylvania of today.

VI

At the Crossroads

WHEN I open a book and find one of its chapters labeled "The Transition Period," or the like, I know that the author has got muddled with his subject. "The Transition Period" is much like the "Turanian language" of the older philologians. When you really did not know what the strange thing was, you tossed the specimen into the Turanian heap, and let it go at that. It was better than a confession of ignorance, which it always takes an exceedingly wise man to make; and it looked more learned, this euphonious word "Turanian," than the plain label "unclassified," with its implicit heresy as to scholarly omniscience. The affectations of scholarship aside, all times are transition times, even if all languages are not Turanian. We are coming to realize that our searchings and lookings for things are less concerned with what we used to call the thing in itself, than with a something evanescent and always changing. We are coming to realize the importance of each thing in this world in its relation to every other thing and to all things, and to appreciate its place in a cosmos which alters as we look at it, ever becoming a something that it has not been, a something back to which we can never return.

With this præludium, filed as a species of caveat, I turn to my topic which might be variously designated perplexity,

the dilemma, at the crossroads or the forking of the paths. This age of ours has many voices, directions and counter directions, admonitions and warnings, shoutings clamorous before the game is done. And, on the other hand, there are quiet voices out of the past, as sweet as they are authoritative, could we but pause amid the din of the present to hear them. As Arthur Hugh Clough has put it in a well known poem, we hear " two musics ":

> One loud and coarse
> And overpowering perforce
> All tone and time . . .
> Only in fumes of foolish fancy bred; . . .
>
> The other soft and low,
> Stealing whence, we do not know,
> Painfully heard and easily forgot, . . .
> And silent oft it seems when silent it is not.

Which shall we heed? Which shall lead us? For only the heedless man or the obdurate will affect deafness to the noises, the sounds, the music with which the world is teeming.

Among the current obsessions by which we are all of us more or less possessed, insistent is that of the enormous importance which we attach to the present, the passing moment, the latest thing, the state of being up to date. " Keep up with the times," " don't be a back number," " don't ride in a last year's model." Now a curious fact about this thing which we call the present, this foaming, bubbling crest of the momentary wave, is the circumstance that it will not stand still long enough for us to find out what it really is, but is dissolving into the calumniated past even as we think

about it, and thus traitorously going over to the enemy in the very moment in which we seek to make it our own. Capture the latest idea, and a new one flits before you to delude you. Ally yourself to the newest school of poetry which has proved renegade to Apollo and the nine Muses, and your school—with every little minnow in it—will be attacked next day by some Triton of criticism who will discover to you how retrograde and early Victorian you really are.

This deplorable condition of being a back number,—have you ever thought of it?—depends very largely on what kind of literature you really are. If you are merely the program of the day, or a newspaper, or a walking advertisement of something or other, highly colored with more than pigments, however you may absorb the reader of the moment, you will be a back number tomorrow, and very likely deserve it. Your literary longevity obviously is dependent on whether you have anything permanent to say. Perhaps your contemporaneousness is nicely calculated for a whole week, or you may even contrive to become a nine days' wonder. Emerson used to advise a continent postponement as to the reading of a new book until it becomes a year old; and then waggishly add: "It is surprising how few books need, then, to be read at all." On the other hand, a really great book is never a back number, but carries its message safe and secure over the ages, entering into the intellectual sustenance of the race, generation after generation. Is Homer a back number? Or Horace, or Shakespeare? Or our English Bible? unless we make it such by neglect? Great works are never out of date. Theirs

is an immortal contemporaneousness. Great thoughts that stirred in Æschylus or in Dante tide over the years and remain, like gems, as precious today as on the morning of their cutting. Time only corrodes triviality, abrading often-repeated commonplaces into the sameness and tediousness of a heap of sand. Time washes away only the detritus of the past, never its gold.

Chronology and statistics are two of the most trifling games that men have ever invented to toss about and juggle the truth withal; and an unrelated fact is the lonesomest entity in the universe, like some atom that has strayed beyond the forces of gravitation, tossing in a chaos where there is neither up or down, right or left, nor point of compass. The " time when " is the least essential about any truth, artistic or other, because the very essence of truth is the universality of its applicability. On the other hand, the date of a fact may be marvelously important, though its value is merely relative; a building block, a mass of concrete or wrought iron, a stick of wood, *that* is what a fact is; a dead thing only valuable as material out of which intelligence can hope to build something permanent at last in the edifice of truth.

Some time ago, it being my turn to address our Graduate School, I had occasion to say what proved a very shocking thing. I find that the best that you can do with a shocking thing, if you really mean it, is to say it again. I said that I would run a mile at any time, and gladly, to escape from a well-informed man. I thought that I had said something else also that day; but it appears not. However, that is neither here nor there. Now, your well-informed man is

often a person of very considerable distinction; in spite of that; seldom because of it. And he is almost invariably a man wholly of the present, rather contemptuous of the past and looking at the future as for the most part irrelevant. You may remember that several years ago the eminent scientist, Thomas A. Edison, fell somewhat vigorously afoul of the colleges for failing to teach "what every educated man ought to know," in this particular instance mainly an abundance of minutiæ about the physical sciences, applied mechanics, physics, chemistry and the like, all excellent things, and what Mr. Edison very properly wanted his assistants to know. Suppose each of us, or more pertinently, suppose the Edison of metaphysics, as well as of physics (if there be such a one, a Bergson or an Einstein), should demand as much of his hypothetical college man. Suppose the successor of Dr. Gildersleeve should also demand "what every well-educated man ought to know about Greek"; and suppose, by the same token, that the new education should enforce this new demand: what every ill-educated woman must be made to know about pedagogy—and so on to the end. Think of the monsters of information that we should be turning out of our colleges: the Mahometan, memorizing of the Koran complete, is as nothing to it. All the wise saws of Confucius could not so tear up the human spirit. And yet, curiously enough, there are still people clamoring to have their sons taught "the things that every educated man ought to know"—and by the way, are there not after all some things that an educated man ought really *not* to know? A clever colleague of mine suggests an extension of the elective system to the faculty in

general and especially to himself. He has elected among others this same tediously popular subject of pedagogy as a subject about which he has determined to know nothing at all. Under such an admirable elective system as this, some of the kindred " demi-sciences " may become even more popular than they are now amongst us, and every intelligent student could thus profit alike in time and happiness by an extended avoidance of a curriculum of studies which every sensible man or woman would naturally shun. But to return, our colleges are filling up their students with useless utilities in place of recognizing that education is, at basis, the creation of a temper of mind, the cultivation of an open receptiveness as to ideas, the habit of a judicious weighing of their worth in the scales of some experience in a similar process, with a certain practice in handling the utensils with which the brain habitually works. A complete supply of the necessary facts for the intellectual victualing of a lifetime is not to be harvested into an impossible granary, thence to be served out in ounces and twopenny worth's by a docile brain as circumstances demand. This kind of mental pabulum is to be had daily on inquiry, of our intellectual bakers and milkmen, like gasoline, along the highways of everyday traffic. It is made for instant use, " to be consumed on the premises " as they say in England, and not to be carried save as needed. I would no more think of burdening my mind with the luggage of a well-informed man than I would think of taking with me the food and miscellaneous small articles, calculated to meet every possible contingency on a three months' journey

through civilized Europe. It might be preferable to take along a language or two.

No one can live by bread, or even by gasoline, alone; and there are other things to harvest and to hoard, things which, let us hope, have a value even beyond the utilities of accurate information. Wherefore with all this demand that our young people shall go forth into the warfare of life equipped with every newly invented science about which an educated man ought to know, we find ourselves still asking; " And, in this new world which is in the making whether we like it or not, is there to be no place left for the kind of knowledge which Plato discussed in his Academe or for those species of the virtues which were old when Rome was new? Are we veritably at the crossroads, nonplussed, and turning over a new leaf on which there is nothing to be inscribed which we have not evolved by way of new processes out of materials unknown to those who have preceded us? And is that noble past, out of which has come so much and to which we owe all that we are, to sink back into a night of forgetfulness such as only the Cimmerians have ever known? I for one will not believe it, and that not because I set any great store by the wise admonitions of age or expect any greater docility on the part of the coming generation than has been usual heretofore. I doubt not that we were as heedless of the good things that we were told to do and the bad things that we were told not to do, as are any of you, young people who are treading so hard after, if not ahead of us. The reason that I am joyfully optimistic as to the future lies in my own abiding faith in you. This world is yours and you are seeing it with your

own eyes, eyes less prejudiced, of keener sight and of wider vision than were ours. The very fact that you of the younger generation hold out open arms to every new idea and play with it like a new toy is creditable to your openness of spirit and freedom from prejudice. If many of you remain far too ignorant of the past, be it remembered that it is we who have led you after strange educational gods and set up little tinsel altars in profane and idolatrous imitations of the eternal mysteries. I believe it is the young who will lead us back to a truer faith. Indeed I find this newer generation not less impatient of ignorance than it is impatient of restraint. It generally wants to hear the other side and is capable of forming independent judgments. I am sorry that everybody is being educated so much in these our days, which is not exactly the same thing as being educated so well. And I should like to exchange a good deal of our small-change paper education for the gold coinage of a little veritable culture, which matter we leave too much to the chances of accident, hoping that it may be caught by contagion in the classroom, or otherwise come by miraculously. But enough of these adjurations and admonitions.

Between the beguilements of novelty in education and the certainties of that which has long been tried, it is not always easy to keep a steady head. It is natural that we should feel curious about a great many things in this time when science is adding to its conquests with a determination and a rapidity unparalleled heretofore. We should not be authentically of our own time, if we did not try to know what is happening in it. But it ought to be quite possible for an intellectual man to satiate his curiosity as to many a

subject without taking a college course in it, and this, at the expense of a training in the severities of straight thinking, the loss of any contact with ancient learning or the sacrifice of the valuable equipment of a modern foreign tongue. It has often seemed to me that, in these our recent days, a man can hardly broach a striking idea, much less make a veritable discovery, but what some university or other will found a professorship in the subject, or at least add it as a new course to be substituted at the expense of some " outworn topic " in history, the humanities, or philosophy. Especially reprehensible in our college menu, it would seem to me, are the parasitic subjects, which, having no content of their own, borrow their material, and always at second hand, from history, philosophy, science and what not, and then offer second-rate personal opinions about it all. The personal opinions of a pleasant, chatty gentleman who keeps up with the currents of contemporary thought by means of the newspapers, and discusses the last novel for its sociological or psychological questions, may offer a very entertaining diversion, but there ought to be more serious things to moil over in college. Especially deplorable, too, it seems to me, are most of the courses in " how to do it," which substitute mere talk about what is called " method "—and that often a false one—for that solid mastery of the essentials of a topic, without which all the pretty generalizations and ratiocinations, which some of us so love and so incontinently indulge in, must come to naught. Education must be something more than assiduity in the gathering of information, and something less, let us hope, than the acquisition of omniscience. There are things, of course, which we must

somehow contrive to learn before we correlate them to our preconceptions of the universe. But there is much that is merely passing and which ought not to arrest us from the verities. After all, the question of new or old is less important than the attitude of mind in which to approach any subject. Learning yields not her veritable treasures to such as pursue them in the spirit that counts cheap, immediately prospective gains; nor is scholarship translatable into the terms of any amount of acquisition. Regarding education, then, as something in which facts are only counters and information is merely incidental, regarding education as a process making for culture, for a finer temper of mind, a wider and more liberal outlook on life and the creation of more elevated ideals, I cannot but think that these objects and purposes are best attained and its moral, æsthetic and spiritual values are best supported, when the processes of the classroom, the topics chosen and discussed, are the farthest possible from the utilities and the freest from the meretricious attractions of mere novelty. And where have we still all this better than in the classics, be they of storied Greece or haughty Rome?

Having now wrought my little variations on a subject, assuredly not new, I return, as an orthodox musician should, to his initial theme. Was it Thackeray or Carlyle who once likened that royal fop, the first gentleman of Europe, King George IV, to a species of tailor-made cabbage, all coats, surcoats, flowered waistcoats superimposed on flowered waistcoats, wrought shirt, and further, modesty will not inquire? Peel him like a cabbage, pluck him leaf after leaf, and there is never a man within. I wonder what

might remain were we, in some of our institutions of much celebrity, to pluck off, leaf after leaf—each one I doubt not a more or less necessary growth, mistake me not, and a useful—the doctor's leaf medicinal, the lawyers' dry but curled like a periwig, the divines', tenacious, much embracing; the architects' leaf and the artists', charming, colored like a rose; the engineers', compact, not turning at the edges; the corrugated leaf of psychiatry, and the withered leaf of pedagogy. What might we find at the center of all this involuted growth—or peradventure, not find—nestled deep within, where should be the bud, the germ of the growth of all? the veritable college? heart of the humanities, life blood of that species of education that builds the man not the machine, that looks upward and onward, that truly loving wisdom, functions as the guide to a life of high achievement and loftier ideals!

VII

The American Professor

IN the quiet of lovely Venice, in the calm of a sabbatical year, with the task that I had come to Europe to complete fulfilled, and a world within and without at peace, I thought of the future and especially of this occasion when I should have my turn to speak to you, my friends and colleagues in the teaching of our modern tongues, my turn to greet you and extend to you all the hand of cordial welcome. I had been in England for months; England, dear to me on many accounts, as the home of my own kindred, of the language that we of America speak, the source out of which has come a great world literature, still potent, still vital, the abiding place—when all has been said in detraction and misunderstanding—of justice, of freedom, of ideals, and of hope for the future. I had been, too, in Germany, staunch, proud, orderly, competent Germany, as the guest of an honorable association of scholars, in their celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the German Shakespeare Society. At Weimar were gathered on that occasion the very flower of German culture and learning, the more especially in these our modern languages, men whose names we all know, whose scholarship we all admire, kindly, gentle, hospitable men, intent to honor the memory of the one world poet who stands pre-eminent above national prejudice and parochial disparagement. And it seemed

to me that there was an obvious theme before me, the solidarity of our modern scholarship, the union, harmony, the essential agreement as to the larger issues and purposes of learning which had come to pervade the scholarly world; its unity in the gradual advance towards a better comprehension, not only of the multitudinous subjects of scholarly investigation, but in a clearer understanding of the various methods by which that approach was being conducted, a closer bond, begotten of mutual sympathy, respect, and support. From these dreams, bred of Italian sunshine, respite from labor, and personal content, I had, like the rest of the world, my rude awakening. Shattered in thin air were my castles, like those of many another dreamer, and we awoke to a desolated world, a prey to primitive passions, in brute struggle for the right to live, with civilization a mockery and culture and the fine arts buffeted back a hundred years. There come to me times when I wonder with George Bernard Shaw, whether a misinvoked and blasphemed God may not repent him of the misused reason with which he has endowed the human race and, revoking that precious gift, bestow it on some humbler and kindlier animal of his creation.

But despairing themes such as these are not for us, for that way madness lies. There need be here no charges, no defiances nor recriminations. Our books need be neither white books nor grey books nor yellow books. And God forbid that we shall ever exchange our scholars' gowns, any one of us, for invisible grey or earth-colored khaki. By our own hearth, so to say, brothers all, let us forget, for the nonce, the tempest that is raging without, and chat con-

tentedly of that most pleasant of topics, ourselves, teachers, scholars, investigators, be we what we may, each after his kind and each in his individual function. If I shall seem in any wise admonitory to the young among you and compact of wise saws and modern instances, remember, I beg of you, how long it is since I was of your years. If, on the contrary, I shall seem newfangled and unorthodox to my elders and betters, nothing could more flatter me than the ascription of such opinions to the long continuance of my youth.

A patronizing foreigner once acknowledged to me in confidence that American scholarship was far from discreditable. This was after dinner, and my foreign friend was in a benignant mood. Appreciating the sublimity of his condescension, I trust that I seemed, even to him, becomingly grateful. As a matter of fact, American scholarship is really amazingly creditable, when we recognize the conditions under which it flourishes. The American professor is practically the American man of science, as he is still, to a large degree, the American man of letters. He is paid primarily to teach and he is expected to teach more hours for his pay than his colleagues either in England, France, or Germany. If he continues to keep up with his subject and adds his quota to progress in it, so much the more credit to him; for even yet, in some of our less enlightened colleges, such activities are looked upon askance, as consuming time better spent in the class-room, as impairing the indefinable thing called "efficiency," and as productive of a spirit of discontent.

I once inquired of a professor at Cambridge, England,

the claim of the university on his time, and he told me "about twenty lectures a year." Few American professors of equal standing give less than three times that number a month; and what shall we say of the many that labor in the class-room four or five hours a day, taking home the burden of preparation and incessant paper work, not to mention the claims of faculty attendance, committee work, student advice, and what not. We may grant that the very drive of our American professor's life makes for intellectual activity and acts as a spur and exhilaration. Yet can we look for anything but disparity in the quality of scholarly work, carried on under conditions so adverse? Impetus, project, ideals, expectation, all are abundantly ours; elaboration, completeness in detail and thoroughness of treatment,—these things we may confess here among ourselves, that we reach in our scholarly work less habitually than might be desired. It cannot but be a matter of regret that almost the last thing that scholarship in America possesses is that quality of leisure that inheres in the original significance of the word. Scholarly leisure permits not only toiling upon a subject, but that quiet preliminary pondering in which are embedded the roots of thoroughness. Leisure allows a natural period of incubation, without artificial heat or the pressure of haste. It is that which gives to work the quality that distinguishes, in scholarship as elsewhere, growth from manufacture, that marks the difference which divides the disinterestedness of the seeker after knowledge from the opportunism of the writer of many books for immediate recognition.

The effort, haste, and strenuous endeavor of American

scholarship is doubtless no more than the logical manifestation of a new temperament, begotten of new climatic and social conditions, and one which time may modify and readjust. A similar contrast with English conditions is notorious in our manner of transacting business (of which it is unnecessary here to speak) and in our mode of education. The young English student is submitted for a period of years to the leisurely influences of culture at Oxford, often deferring his actual study to the long vacations, when the social and athletic activities of college life fall off sufficiently to permit a steady grind with a tutor. We insist on educating our boys all the time; and, even in the seasons of football and of baseball, we cruelly demand attendance on recitations, manning our courses so as to keep all busy (or seemingly busy) and visiting derelictions from the straight and narrow path with academic pains and penalties. We do everything in our American universities for the intellectual feeding of our young men and women save allowing them time for digestion. No wonder it takes some people until middle life to recover from the effects of a college education, and that some never recover at all.

Returning to the American professor, which of you does not know that overworked man? Busy with his lectures, his students, his committees, his preparations for experiment, and his workshop, whatever it may be, all and every day; stealing hours from the night, from recreation, from vacation, when his driven mind demands some relaxation, from holidays, to carry on his search for some philosopher's stone. He has passed the time in life when the acclamation of success can mean very much to him, for his best hours

have ever been given to others; but his search is always on, for the love of learning is strong within him, and he knows, as few men know, that the true reward of all human endeavor is in the activity, not in the achievement. Such a man is the true investigator, and all honor to him whether he attain discovery or not; for he is in the path of rectitude, as Carlyle might have put it, be out of it who may.

Very different is the type, unhappily not unknown among us, whose food is adulation and the loud applause of men. Take the case of John Payne Collier, the notable English Shakespeare scholar, and manipulator of ancient documents, to call it no worse. Starting in an honorable career and enjoying good fortune in his earlier researches, Collier developed an avidity for praise disproportionate to the possibilities of his subject. The time was one in which many fields still stood unreaped; these Collier industriously gathered in. Where others had left him only sweepings, he discredited their efforts, to demand for his gleanings the credit of a full harvest. Such a man must make at least one startling discovery a year, and each "discovery" must rise in splendid climax over what has gone before. When he has once broached a theory, he must prove victorious over all whose temerity has dared to impeach it; and if stubborn records deny, they must be wrought to conformity and support. If such a man is really a genius, as Collier was, almost, he may amaze the ignorant again and again, though he make the judicious grieve. If he is less than a genius, it becomes difficult for him to preserve his integrity, and he sacrifices before long his honor as a scholar to his vanity as a man.

Here, in America, despite some approximation to an understanding, it may not be too great an exaggeration to affirm that we are only beginning to know the investigator in pure science or in historical research. We recognize the value of industrial experimentation, and large salaries properly reward the chemist, the engineer, or bacteriologist who labors in the interests of trade. We understand, too, the need of experimentation in peace to maintain effectiveness in war, and we grudge very little—nor dare we now begrudge at all—the continuance of experiments with projectiles that cost the nation the yearly maintenance of five universities. Experiment in science looking towards the amelioration of health is a nobler species of research, justly recognized among us and highly and generously subsidized; whilst occasionally, as in more than one splendid foundation, known to us all, other subjects—even at times, though not too frequently, literary ones—claim a place, not a little begrudged. None the less, to mention only two examples among those who have gone before, the admirable researches into the history of the Middle Ages by the eminent historian, the late Henry C. Lea, were provided for out of his own purse, happily a heavy one, and the monumental *New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare* was undertaken by the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness, canny booksellers refusing, at the pecuniary risk of the editor. In contrast to all this, it is never very difficult to find the money to fit out an expedition to ascend a new mountain or rediscover a lost river, to gather loot for the illustration of the *Kultur* of some barbarous race, or to dig up something or other, provided it be sufficiently outlandish and remote.

Indeed, when all has been said in praise and recognition of the fostering hand which some of our captains of industry are extending to the subalterns of science, it can scarcely be denied that American encouragement of scientific investigation remains even now to a large degree erratic and based more on the virtuoso's love of the curious and the farfetched than on any genuine apprehension of the needs and true significance of scientific inquiry. Moreover, as always in a plutocracy such as ours, we have as yet somewhat rudimentary conceptions of the relations of the investigator to those who encourage him. The fostering of science by the condescensions of fashion is a thing not unknown in the purlieus of our intellectual life. It was prevalent in England about the time of the Restoration of King Charles; and in France it died out before the Revolution. To see a man, whom two hemispheres have united to honor, explaining the rudiments of paleontology to a bevy of Chicago's fair matrons, no one of whom has ever possessed, much less forgotten, knowledge enough to have entered the humblest college, is a sight for the genius of comedy. But the eminent scholar received his subsidy and the ladies were amused at his queer manners and his foreign tongue. Seriously, the mere man of money who supports genuine scientific inquiry or fosters the arts, no matter what his benefactions, embraces a really priceless opportunity. From one of the horde who "add to golden numbers golden numbers,"—if I dare so misapply the lyrist's words—he becomes the abettor of one of the noblest activities of the race and comes to share, by reflection at least, in its intellectual victories. Among the rich men of ancient Rome, Atticus is

less remembered than Mæcenas. Yet Atticus was by far the richer man. It was Mæcenas, not Atticus, who befriended poetry in the person of Horace, and Mæcenas lives in the memory of those who revere genius. In this day of imperious money-getting—if that is our end-all and strive-all—it is well to admonish the young: "Be, if you must, a millionaire; but don't be an indistinguishable millionaire."

The true honors of the investigator are not such as wealth or fashion can bestow. Often his work can be justly appraised only by his peers, and his tardy reward consists in a recognition that he has brought some one stubborn block of knowledge, hewn and fashioned by his cunning hand, to its place in the structure of the temple of wisdom. This may not seem encouraging to some among us who are beginning their careers as scholars full of ambition for immediate returns, and eager to discount the face value of promise into a cash payment for achievement. But if the true spirit of the investigator be in a man, neither time nor the praises of men will concern him in his quest, and he will find in his work itself a sufficient joy and recompense.

The true investigator in science (like the genuine artist) is the most valuable asset in a civilized nation, to be cherished and encouraged in the highest degree. For not only do such men add to the sum total of the world's knowledge, but they bring renown to the country in which they live, and make, according to the degree of their genius and success, for the uplifting of mankind. To let such a man spend valuable hours over the petty means of subsistence is wasteful beyond description. Something might be said, in these

days of the cry for conservation of our physical resources, for the conservation to nobler purposes of the brains and talents of the nation. A forest will grow somehow, haphazard, if you let it sufficiently alone and do not burn it. So, too, human ambition, the exigencies of the moment, sheer accident, contrive in the struggle of life to keep our intellectual slopes, so to speak, fairly well wooded. But there is much inferior second growth flaunting its insufficiency saucily in the sun, and when some old giant of the forest falls under the axe of time we cannot but deplore alike our loss and the thoughtlessness of our forestry.

And now as to the professor as teacher. Most people believe that anybody can teach. Teaching is an excellent makeshift for youths who are working forward to medicine, law, or the pulpit, or to a fortunate business opening. Teaching is a becoming and altogether proper vocation for young women awaiting the delightful possibilities of matrimony. It has been cited as a reproach to our American education that it is, to a large degree, feminized. (I refuse parenthetically to say whether I regard this as a reproach or not.) And a man of middle life who continues to teach is looked on—often with justice—as one who in all likelihood could scarcely earn a subsistence in any other way.

I remember, some years ago, meeting a keen and clever lawyer at dinner. We had crossed swords on several subjects and, somewhat exhilarated in the process, he said to me: "You seem to me, sir, to be a man of perhaps as much as average common sense." I naturally thanked him for his blunt compliment, and he continued: "Why don't you leave that dusty University of yours over the river and come

down into the city, back to the profession of the law to which you were bred, and live like a man? I note that you do not disdain the good things of life nor yet the sparkle of its champagne. These are to be had by a man of intelligence in the world; you'll never get them in the cloister." Nor could I convince him that fine notions about the things of the mind, about our obligations to others, about the inward satisfaction of scholarly activity were not, all of them, perilously near cant.

There are many reasons for this disrepute of the teacher. The life of a mere teacher is narrow and confining. He is apt to magnify his office and, with it, his importance, from his daily habit of converse with those who are younger than himself and less specifically trained. Moreover, there is little to attract the able or ambitious in mere teaching, either in the position and social recognition which this profession is accorded or in the money return which in our country remains, despite some betterment in some quarters, still generally inadequate. In an article of a few years since, the average American male college teacher is rated as a wage-earner with puddlers and Pullman car conductors. How impalpably we may have risen above that standard since that time, I do not know. We are informed that before the war, " one-third of our degree-giving institutions were paying their full professors an average salary of less than a thousand dollars per annum." If that average is now double—which is questionable—it has not yet overtaken the rise in the cost of living since the war. And the professor's plight is really worse than mere figures might seem to indicate; for there are demands on his purse which

these excellent people of iron and motion mentioned above do not know; for the professor's very education and status in life demand a higher, and hence a costlier, mode of living. An acquaintance of mine, professor in one of our larger Eastern colleges, kept a list of the "legitimate demands" upon his purse that grew directly out of his position. To say not one word of books, scientific periodicals, and like tools of the trade, there were clubs, national and international, collegiate and intercollegiate, their meetings, and attendance on them, with traveling expenses and maintenance. To be out of these things was to argue yourself unknown. There were student activities, athletic, dramatic, musical, class organizations, fraternities and what not. To be out of them all was to make yourself unpopular to the degree of impairing your usefulness. There were charities, the hospital, the museum, the college settlement, the students' religious gatherings, an occasional student to help, an occasional colleague or old friend to "accommodate." What had such a man for his own church, or his club, or his political party? For a charity undirected, or for the frank and indiscreet gift of a dollar on the street? My friend calculated that the "legitimate demands" upon his slender purse by reason of his position in the University of Weissnichtswo constituted nearly forty per cent of his salary. To honor them all was to beggar his family. How he solved the matter, if he solved it at all, nearly anyone of you present can tell.

I do not deny that much has been done to ameliorate former conditions; but there remains something to be done by the colleges themselves in restraint not only of super-

fluous buildings and dictated endowments but in a rigorous curb upon supernumerary courses, too often added to the curriculum and to the budget as well, as a stock of new ribbons is added, because the competing tradesman keeps the new kind. I should like to see the American college professor so placed that he might not be compelled, as so frequently now, to dissipate the singleness of his aim in life by the necessity of common outside drudgery to relieve common inward wants; just as I should like to have the dignity and the importance of his position recognized in other ways, for his sake not alone but for the sake of our colleges and universities, their dignity and usefulness. Whether Professor X or Professor Y receives a larger or a smaller salary is a matter wholly unimportant to anyone save the gentlemen in question and their families. That a large body of competent and intellectual men should be compelled to practise sordid petty economies for their families' sake and take a secondary place in the communities which they are trained to lead, is a public misfortune. On the other hand, I am not insensible of the fact that there could be no greater misfortune to the profession of teaching than to endow it with the glittering pecuniary rewards that attend success in medicine or law. For woe to our profession when it shall attract only because it is well paid. That teacher who does not accept his profession as a trust, in the spirit of unaffected sacrifice, who does not count highest his power successfully to influence those about him to an honest pursuit and a genuine love of learning, should seek some employment more congenial to his sordid soul. The great thing about teaching is the humanity of it. The man's

the thing and the contact man to man. How often do we who concoct our big or our little books and our portentously learned notes and notelets, forget that where the written word may reach its tens the spoken word, if it be sincere, may reach its hundreds, and, radiating through them, its thousands. The fertile thought of the true teacher may germinate a thousand fold, and it is not alone the information imparted, important as that may be, but the spirit, the outlook, the uplift that the true teacher may give the student in whose spirit he may establish a sympathy with his own.

The ideal teacher is as difficult to find as the ideal investigator. The ideal teacher must be competently, never ostentatiously, learned, and he must be as alive as the investigator to the progress of his subject. He must be hospitable to new ideas, tenacious of the best that have been, and courteous to differences of opinion, though they tread on his most cherished preconceptions. In a word, liberality is the first essential of the ideal teacher, and he will gain for himself the confidence of his students (prime essential to the teaching of anything) by an openness of spirit that entertains the possibility of the discovery of truth even in the most unexpected places. Again, the ideal teacher must be disinterested and forgetful of self. Many a strong personality has been wrecked as a teacher on the rocks of self-esteem. It is a precious piece of impertinence for any man to stand between a class and a great subject; and obscuration and disfigurement in proportion to the bulk of the man's "selfness" (to employ a good Elizabethan word) are sure to follow. On the other hand, nothing interests the student so much as the personal note, if it be unconscious

and free from real or affected vanity. The true teacher can dare anything, and with that dangerous two-edged Delphian blade, paradox, confound inattention, lack of interest, and the thousand other lets and hindrances to successful teaching.

But there are other, scarcely lesser virtues that we have a right to demand even of those who we know must fall far short of the ideal. I have never been able to rid myself of an old-fashioned conviction that the instruction of the young should be entrusted to people of gentle manners and an innate disposition to play fair in the game of life. That we have men in the profession of teaching who are examples neither in their lives, their conduct towards their students, nor their grammar is in part referable to the small returns for petty ambition which the office of the teacher holds forth, but more to our habitual failure to distinguish the processes of filling a young mind with information, from education in a truer sense. Perhaps this contrast is best expressed in the much confused antithesis between mere training, that is, teaching the doing of some definite thing, and that cultivation of the whole man in which true education alone really subsists. One may train a dog, or a horse; that is, superimpose on the nature of each of these animals a process of action regulated by habit which may produce pretty results. Veritable education is another matter, and some men, like most animals, are impervious to it. Not long ago I met for the first time a man of considerable repute in his own subject. He discussed with grasp and certainty his own *Fach,* but in the voice of a huckster, passing even grammatical pitfalls at times precariously;

and his manners were those of a yokel. That, alas, was an educated man; and his three or four degrees from as many universities, his repute, too, be it acknowledged, as a scholar, attested his education. I am not prepared to say that that man should have been blocked in his freshman year for his notorious offenses against his own English tongue, but I do deny that his four universities exerted any appreciable influence in the nature of culture upon him. Most happily for the young, this man confines his talents to research.

I have spoken of the investigator and the teacher apart. In truth, there should be no repugnance between them, however the qualifications of one man may lead him to emphasize one of these functions of the scholar above the other. I should like to see every teacher interested in some investigation of his own, thereby keeping his work in the classroom fresh and vitalized by a larger outlook than mere pedagogy can give him; and I should like to feel that there was no investigator in science whose field had become so specialized and remote that he could not on occasion bring it down to the understandings of those in need of his instruction. It is still a moot question as to whether the teacher gains as much as some have been fain to believe by directions and organized training in how to teach. I note that those who have failed specifically often aspire to lead others to success by means of this fine art of teaching how to teach. In very truth, I confess to a frank mistrust of all the newer parasitic courses, courses which, be their titles whatsoever they may, commonly draw the bulk of their content from history, philosophy, and literature, derived too often superficially at second hand. The best spe-

cific for the teacher is a thorough knowledge of his subject, and (almost as important) a clear apprehension of its relations to other subjects. Narrow specialized training may make a man expert; it sometimes unsettles him in his bearings. It is conceivable that for the training of the teacher we might sacrifice somewhat the severity of specialization. It seems unquestionable that gain would come to our graduate schools, if we were frankly to give up the pretense that every student is to become a specialist and an investigator, and devote the time thus saved, not to teaching him how to teach, but to preserving in him a greater catholicity of spirit and a larger outlook of things as they are. And yet it is a great deal for any man to know one thing measurably well. To have, so to speak, a background to his subject, to speak out of the fulness of his knowledge and, when he seems to have given all, to have an abundance yet in store.

But the teacher is responsible for more than the character of the knowledge that he imparts. Is it altogether fanciful that the typical Harvard man—may I say it?—is superior (as he has the right to be), blasé, critical, and aristocratic; the Yale man hearty, clannish, and (shall I whisper it?) at times, while an undergraduate, just a bit noisy; the Princeton man—but Princeton is too near a friend for Pennsylvania to characterize her, and Columbia? —Columbia is our ever gracious host. These distinctions may arise partly from the dominion of brain or the dominion of brawn, occasionally, as in this year, remarkably united; but they can often be found in their ultimate origins in the manners of some favorite teacher or group of teachers who through dozens and dozens of unconscious imita-

tions have impressed their personalities on those about them, and created in time an unmistakable air. Even fashions in scholarship seem referable at times to a powerful example. Not to be personal or to mention individual instances known to us all, the researches in Chaucer and the "old English balladry" of the late revered Professor Child of Harvard, have now been propagated to many a good purpose—as our present program declares—even unto the third and fourth generations.

It is only out of a university that cherishes the ideals of research that the true scholar can come, for there alone can he find the stimulus that vitalizes the slow process of the accumulation of facts into the exciting pursuit of truth. Example is always more powerful than precept, and the teacher who is known outside the walls of his own college, as a recognized authority in his subject, has a potency within, which his humbler fellows can never hope to win. The time will come when we shall recognize wherein true academic celebrity consists. It is not in the size and diversity of the thing which a certain type of trustee loves to designate largely by that hideous factory-made word, the "plant"; it is not in the beauty of buildings and the charm of a lovely campus, desirable as are all these things. Still less is it in a startling number, novelty, and variety of courses, in swarms of students, easily entered, rarely dismissed, or in the cheap advertisement of athletic prowess, even in sensational discovery or pronouncement in laboratory or lecture room. Academic celebrity, I repeat, lies in the quality of the student as a man and a scholar, and no less essentially in the scholarship that a university begets

and fosters. A university whose faculty receives no recognition elsewhere is moribund and out of the race. A university whose men remain because its atmosphere is favorable to research, gains in every scholar a tongue to tell abroad its fame. In a word, the academic atmosphere can be kept fresh alone in a nice adjustment of the claims of the teacher and the investigator, and no institution can afford to sacrifice either the drawing power of the one or the lifting potency of the other.

The life of an American professor need not be narrow, unless he himself make it so. His mind is constantly in communion with the best that has been gathered from the past, and its treasure-houses are open to him as they are not always open to other men. Nor need he answer to the reproach that the present lies, a closed book, before him; for there are few subjects that American scientific inquiry has not been busy with; precisely as there are few topics—of the streets, of the family as it should and should not be, of criminals and their converse, of the councils of princes in their spread of empire—to which American professorial activity has not confidently extended itself of late. Is it not the American professor who expounds the Nietzschean philosophy and the metaphysics of Bergson, the romantic sentiment of Maeterlinck, and the flamboyant socialism of Shaw? And is it not the American professor—or at least the professor in American occupation—who is even now expounding treaties, explaining racial antipathies, directing diplomacy, and apologizing for the Kaiser? Assuredly the American processor is not, at this moment, shrinking in modest reticence into the shadow of his class-room; and

we are in danger of being heard in some things not too little, but too much.

And now will those of you who are newer comers than I into this exhilarating state of being, forgive me if I have seemed to remind you of too many things that you must long since have found out for yourselves. To return, he is a rhetorician not a teacher, a sophist not a true lover of wisdom, who seeks popularity in the class-room by the brilliancy of his wit, the startling novelty of his notions, and the cleverness of his delivery. In your own studies, whether you are climbing by circuitous paths the giddy highlands of research or are content modestly " only to teach," pursue your work disinterestedly, loving it for itself and for the wholesome labor which it costs you, not as an asset to be realized on to the enhancement of your next year's salary. If your goal is research, know that there is only one thing really worth while, and that is the truth. And remember that you may happen to " discover " with amazed delight many an object which has long lain beside the beaten path of knowledge, " discovered " and delighted in by many who have gone before you. There was wisdom in the world before we were born and some will survive us. And to you who more modestly are satisfied " merely to teach " (if indeed there be any such truly contented man or woman present), know that there is nowhere a more dignified and more sacred trust than that of the teacher. You are needed almost above all other men. If you are a good teacher, you will never receive a salary adequate to your worth. If you are a poor teacher, you will be overpaid at any price.

Your rewards will come, not in money, perhaps not in repute, or even in much recognition; but every man's recompense lies in the satisfaction of his own heart, and to have led honestly, bravely, and competently, to have left some the better for our living in the world, none deprived or misled, surely this is better than a brief day in the sunshine of repute.

The American professor, as I have known him now for many years, is kindly, hardworking, uncomplaining, and unselfish. He is commonly underpaid, though not quite so frequently overrated. He is more liberal than his immediate predecessor of clerical cut, though not nearly so courageous in expressing his convictions; but he fears God, and the President (of his college), and is too magnanimous, for the most part, to take this latter fear out in the discipline of innocent freshmen. Once in a while he writes—or at least publishes—too many books; more commonly he writes too few. Sometimes he employs his sabbatical year, if he gets it, to excellent scholarly purpose; he is often too genuinely wearied to do so, or too harassed with cares, not of his own making. He is a self-respecting man, even spirited at times in the defence of his convictions, his right of free speech, and his right of free teaching. But he is protected as yet by no trades union (although I hear that he is at this moment perilously near to it), and therefore at times he is silent when he wishes to God that he might speak. He has less confidence in his abilities to run the world than some, not possessed of his special training, have confidence that they can run his department. To the popular impression

that he is an impractical man, he gives the lie, by his general competence even in everyday affairs. In short, the American professor is of stuff good enough to have made a famous President of the United States, and even such an Atlas disdained not to become, on the lifting of his heavy load, an American professor before the Supreme Court of his country claimed him.

VIII

The Teacher of English

I AM a teacher and pride myself upon that title. I rather object to being described as " an educator ": the word is new-fangled and suggests, like " pedagogue," someone more interested in how to do it than in doing it, one admirable in his criticism of the work of other people, not quite so successful in his own—when he does any. I am even shy of the honorable title " Doctor," which is worth while only when it has been earned in course by diligent study; and I regret the convention that gives any of us of American birth a title, even such as the perfunctory and much abused " Professor." For, call us by what formal or hard names you may, the glory of our profession is in the process, the art, the very subtle craft of teaching, about which you may theorize until you become incomprehensible, and, when all has been said, humbly confess: a teacher is one who has shown that there is in him or her a certain quality of guidance, persuasion and restraint that makes him capable of leading others along the paths of learning, to the end that their minds may expand and the qualities that make men modest and honorable may not suffer in the process. Perhaps you are a little disappointed at this tame ideal which differs considerably from a current conception of the blaring trumpets of a valiant and denunciatory army making war on ignorance and hunting error into dark corners, there

to do execution upon it with flaming swords, accompanied by pæans of victory. It differs, too, from another current notion of the process in which we are engaged when we teach: that it consists mainly in the shoveling in of information, the accumulation and feeding—crowding, stuffing in—of facts, dates, things that *are,* things that you can see, hear, touch, taste and button up, as Carlyle once put it, into the breeches pocket. Let me repeat that the teacher seems to me less a warrior or a heaver of facts into the coal-bins that supply the intellectual fuel of the world, than a guide, who, having gone the path before, may help others upon it, finding something new along the way, no matter how often he has traversed it, and having a correction of the wayward trend of his followers ever more in mind than any thought of his own importance or glory.

Having suggested to you thus at the outset what I conceive we who are teachers ought to be, let us drop, as far as the skylark from the clouds, to the ground on which, be it remembered, after all, like the larks, we must build our nests. I am not oblivious of facts, which are often ugly customers to reckon with; nor do I ignore the obstacles along the glorious paths that I have just been prating about. This is a bold and daring experiment of ours, this popular American education; and it bids fair to reach a logical end in the slogan—and what would we be without slogans?—"Teach Everybody Everything." I listened to a somewhat disheartening discourse the other night in which a competent zoologist and anthropologist told us that something like one American in every five of us is mentally incapable of progressing to anything like the successful conclusion

of a high-school education; and to those of us who have not any minds is to be added another, if smaller, percentage, those who have lost what little they once had. He went further to disclose that mentally and physically there is no animal, wild or domesticated, that offers so many departures and deteriorations from the standards of its species as does mankind; and he finds, as is obvious to us all who keep up with the times, that the human race has not only interfered with natural selection but appears almost perversely intent some day to realize a complete reversal of that law by a substitution of one which shall read: " Let us see to it that the unfit and the unfit alone shall survive."

Of course we cannot smother our incompetents; though possibly some day we shall be completely smothered by them, as we are even now to a degree. And I am not unaware of the honest efforts that are in the making to solve this all important problem. I know of no one who so quickly awakens my sympathies as the wide-eyed innocent who has not yet been able to find out just what it is all about, who perhaps never may. He needs all the care we can give him; but should we as teachers diminish our value to his brothers and sisters who *can* profit by our teaching, and encumber our onward way with what the Latins aptly called *impedimenta,* in brutal English luggage. Every teacher knows this perplexity. It is a question of the head versus the heart. In pruning, with the thought of the health of the tree in view, we cut back sometimes the living shoot. We can emulate nature in arboriculture; but are tender to do so in education. I am theoretically one of the severest disciplinarians in the University of Pennsylvania; and we

have martinets among us. But, alas, my practice does not conform invariably to my theory, as perhaps, whose does in this imperfect world? And yet it is a serious responsibility—this of being a teacher, for the nonce a species of deity determining who shall be and who not, " thus far shalt thou go and no further." Depend upon it, judging from what we still get into college somehow, it is an important matter, this weeding out of the unfit from among the fit. And unless we contrive to do it somehow more effectively than it has been done often in the past, we must look to a further settling down of even that dull level which we now call mediocrity.

As I think of the teacher, my first thought is of the enormous weight of responsibility that is ours, each and every one. This guidance of others is a serious business, especially if we are none too competent in the guidance of ourselves. First of all we must take our work as a vocation, not as an avocation, not as a something merely to beguile the time until something better turns up. Teaching, with all our reforms in that respect, is still so poor a means to a livelihood that only the inferior-minded can look upon it from that point of view. And while I wish that every one of you were far better paid than you are, and I feel sure that you would all deserve it, it would be a pity if our profession should ever come to be so well paid that it would attract especially for that reason. For then the call, the vocation, the spirit of sacrifice and devotion would go out of it to the loss of all. I like to think of teaching as a profession, not a trade; and a profession, let us remember, involves the traffic in a commodity not to be estimated in

the terms of barter and trade. Not that I think for a moment that we teachers should assume an attitude of superiority to those who make honest livings in the business workshops of the world; but if the teacher takes so low a view of his vocation as to regard it merely a means to feed and clothe him, he will lose the spirit of that calling and in so doing impair the nature and the quality of his work. For, be it remembered, the focus, the center, the heart of our work as teachers is inevitably the student, and what we can do for him, to the end that he understand more fully that which it is our business to impart to him, and gain, in the process of our teaching, a wider and more liberal attitude of mind.

Continuing with this idea of our responsibility, how important it becomes that our teachers shall be genuinely well equipped, first with that larger culture that is at the foundation of all specialization, and secondly with a very specific mastery of the subject which each is told off to teach. I came into this world too early to be submitted to the processes of the educational expert. I have studied a certain variety of subjects in my day; and I have taught perhaps a greater number of them than I had then any too thoroughly studied. I remember the slow processes of my reluctant mind once through the intricacies of Sanskrit grammar; I recall the pace to which a student of mine once put me who was possessed of a far better mathematical mind than mine; it was all I could do at times to keep neck and neck with him. I taught music in my younger days and I remember, when I substituted Greek, how much less racking to the nerves was a false quantity than a false note in

that most painful and cacophonous of processes, the learning to play the piano. Variety of experience is better than mere specialization after a given pattern. The standardizing of the processes of the teaching of almost any subject seems to me as idle as an attempt to teach a terrier how to pick up a rat. If he is a terrier, he will know how; if he is not a terrier put him to stalking birds, or turning a spit, or dragging a cart. Your true-bred terrier will never pick up two rats in the same way, though each will, as sure as fate, receive the same definitive shake in the end. Every rat is a new problem.

If every hour, every subject, every group of students, like every rat, is a new problem, obviously you cannot substitute parlor-tricks for terrier- or teacher-instinct, though you can cultivate such tact and judgment as anyone may be possessed of and add to effectiveness in the process. It is not enough to create good teachers on the basis of what they are born to; *we must keep them good.* And here it seems to me we run afoul of one of the current obsessions of our age. Because we can manufacture automobiles and a thousand other objects best for all concerned by a standardized process, we assume that there is nothing to which such a process does not apply. And we standardize our dress, our charitable giving, our religion, even our funerals. Mouth-filling word that it is, standardization is not an evidence of advanced thinking. To standardize, to make alike, to level, this is among the most primitive of instincts: the pack tears to pieces the white wolf—for being white; the small boy is persecuted by other small boys if he is less freckled, more red-headed, too small, or too lanky.

The process of standardizing is the process of leveling, it makes for mediocrity and deterioration. There is no such ally in standardizing our teaching as overwork. The overworked superior teacher soon loses her superiority and falls into the lock step of her fellows. An overburdened curriculum makes good teachers bad and bad teachers worse. The teaching faculty—by which I mean that quality of nature, heightened by knowledge and experience that makes the veritable teacher—is best likened to a delicate blade which must be kept on edge, and in perfect condition of readiness, if effective work is to be done. Incessantly to use such a blade, overuse it, misuse it, and a primitive stone axe will serve quite as well. We have devised elaborate schools and colleges to train and make good teachers. How much are we really doing to keep them good? To afford them opportunity for mental growth and adaptability, for keeping up measurably with what is doing in the world of the mind, for imbibing that mental stimulus without which the best of us must grow stale, tired, inert and ineffective. Do we not standardize even the manner of the growth of our teachers, and perhaps even what is called their recreations? Insufficiency of wages is not always a more deadly want than insufficiency of time. During my long tenure as a professor of English I have sought steadily to reduce the number of teaching hours to be demanded of each instructor, not only because, as I trust, I had the personal well-being of each individual man at heart, but because I know that you can only get the best out of that delicate human mechanism, a teacher, by an opportunity for growth, for the development of personality, of individuality which

cannot come to those who are forced into the lock step of overwork and oversystem. True education, for student and for teacher alike, is a never-ending process, devoted to an emphasis of whatever natural aptitude or talent the individual man or woman may possess. True education makes for inequality; the inequality of individuality, the inequality of success, the glorious inequality of talent, of genius; for inequality, not mediocrity, individual superiority, not standardization, is the measure of the progress of the world.

It is high time now for me to justify the title of this paper, "The Teacher of English." I feel as to teaching, as I feel as to work, that what particularly you happen to be teaching is unimportant, provided that you are teaching it well. There is only one thing that is really dignified, and that is work; and there is only one true aristocracy, that of brains in employment to make the world somewhat more approaching what it should be. On the basis of such doctrine, we ought to pride ourselves on being teachers, for we at least are on the path, whatever the wanderings of others in the jungles about us. I have already told you that I have had occasion to teach many things in my day. In my own English department at the University, I have trailed the pike of composition work and directed the small-sword play of debate. I have carried the musket on the long historical trail from Beowulf to Browning, and now, after many years of happy duty in the pleasant Elizabethan country, I am still serving, with such effect as may be, the big guns of Shakespeare. I am glad that I have had so diversified an experience, for I never weary of repeating the paradox

that the best specialist is the man who knows and has had the most experience about many other things. Peculiarly true, this seems to me to be as to the teacher of English, who holds a singular position in these days of the twilight, the *Götterdämmerung,* so to speak, of ancient Greek and Latin learning.

But before I come to this, let me note the most serious of our responsibilities as teachers of English, a responsibility best designated in the phrase: our duty to stamp out illiteracy. Without the solid foundation of a reasonable degree of literacy, whether hewn out of the rock or poured in liquid concrete, there is no superstructure. If you will promise not to impart this confession beyond these walls, there are juniors in our universities who simply cannot spell even simple English words with any degree of certainty; and there are seniors who still wabble at times in their grammar. Why do we not get these preliminary mysteries out of the way in the kindergarten? Partly, I fear, because many of our teachers are interested in "higher things": fairy tales, perhaps, or short stories, or civics, or housekeeping, or Shakespeare. Not very long since I had the genuine pleasure of taking my young grandson of ten years of age for a first visit to the British Museum in London. He lives when at home in New Haven and, as the son of a Yale professor, is being carefully schooled as befits a scion of Eli. When we returned, talking of our adventure as man to man—for we had specialized at this youngster's request on the Assyrian and Egyptian collections—I was asked about our visit and replied resignedly: "Yes, I was able to tell Joseph a few things, but not nearly so many

as he was able to tell me." You see, Joseph had had a young teacher of history in New Haven who very much preferred archæology; and Joseph is hence a precocious authority on the Hittites, the prehistoric data about Crete and the Egyptian dynasty of Tout-an-Khamen, while he remains in a pristine state of innocence as to such uninteresting things as the Presidents of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, and, I blush to confess it, is shaky alike in his spelling and his arithmetic. These dreary preliminaries do not really come by nature, and the neglect of them leaves a fault behind in a bad place for any subsequent educational structure. It *is* drudgery to teach spelling, even to the born speller, if there ever was such a seraphic child. Fellow laborers of mine, let me assure you that neither you nor I have ever yet met a man or a woman who is too good for drudgery. Drudgery is as inseparable from teaching as friction is from locomotion—even in the air; and you can increase the friction if you grumble about it, or decrease it measurably by a cheerful mind. Teachers of the Primary Schools, even if you do prefer fairy tales to spelling, do not appropriate the subjects of your sisters who are teaching in the Secondary Schools. And you of the Secondary Schools, do not rob the High Schools of their subjects. Few are our college courses that the High Schools have not appropriated, at least in title.

To fall into anecdotage once more: I once had a visit from a very confident young man who endeavored to make his confidence, like his confidences, appear casual by a certain weariness of manner, the weariness that comes, I suppose, though I have never experienced it, from a brain over-

stocked and heavy with knowledge. He was the graduate of one of those mansard roofs of pedagogical learning—forgive me, please—built up on the top of an otherwise excellent school, and he had come out to the University with a feeling that he rather thought it would be useless, but he might at least look about to see if there was perhaps any unaccomplished trifle in the way of education that he might find there to spend a bit of his time on. In turning over the lists of graduate studies—for which it never occurred to him to suppose that he was not eminently fit—his comment was: "O, I've done this, and long since completed that: I've had Chaucer; I've finished Shakespeare"—such people do. At last I said to him: "I am afraid that there is nothing that we can teach you, young man. You appear completely to have exhausted our present educational opportunities." I might have added, but I forbore: "You need a sterner teacher than a university, and you will inevitably get one." In the sequel he became a wiser if a sadder man. But here my story ends. The moral is clear. His pedagogical mansard roof of a school had copied more or less completely the titles of the University's curriculum. There is no copyright on them; but these were not the first titles, educational and other, that have misled and stood for realities as yet unrealized. I should like to have some topics taken wholly out of the schools. I am circumspect enough to mention only one: Shakespeare, for example—I have to unteach so much. I repeat that I should like to have a good many subjects, with all their ruffles and flounces, taken bodily out of the schools, provided only that we could get reading, writing and arithmetic thoroughly taught in the

place of them. I would give much of the multifarious knowledge which many of our school children so abundantly display, for a strong hold on the neglected fundamentals, among them the sheer facts of the history of England from whence our language, our institutions, our civilization is sprung. This arduous, uninteresting, laborious task is the first, the most essential, of all our duties as teachers of English; I repeat: Stamp out, wipe out, destroy and away with, as far as possible, inability, clumsiness, ineptitude in the ordinary use, in speaking and writing, of our English mother tongue.

Another of our tasks, whether provided for in the curriculum as such or not, is to create somehow in the minds of our students a respect for that beautiful mother tongue which is ours, by getting them to realize somewhat the dignity of its origins, its long development, the lithe and adaptable instrument that it has become in the hands of those who have been masters in the use of it. I still find among those who have come to us from the schools a lingering notion that language is a matter of authority, that the dictionary says so, or the grammar settles it. Language, let us remember, is no matter of fiat emanating from a Grand Cham of lexicography, but a development, as much a growth as is the growth of a tree and as subject to flourish and decay, with its leafage of prose and its flowerings of the poets. The more preposterous then is the obsession, as to language and so much else, that we have at last reached perfection and a standard beyond which we cannot hope much to advance; that former times, especially day before yesterday,

were crude, untutored, for which a compassionate indulgence should be allowed: " those unhappy, rude beings, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton and the rest did pretty well, poor old fellows, for their time, but were not so fortunate as to live in America, in Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, in my street, with the happiness of the movies, the radio and aviation all their own." I find this crass form of provincialism, or parochialism, even more difficult at times to stamp out than illiteracy. But really, as I like to put it, being now myself that despised personage; it is never safe to patronize your grandfather. The old fellow knew a thing or two in his day and possibly has not yet lost quite all of it, my dear young people, in this day which is so gloriously and so complaisantly your own.

While it is one of the fundamentals of my creed as a teacher that it is not the nature of any subject that makes it what we call a liberal subject, but the manner, better the spirit, in which it is taught, I cannot but feel that we who are engaged somewhat in the teaching of literature—the more particularly when our teaching is in our own tongue —enjoy a position somewhat peculiar in the educational process of which our work is of course only a part. I do not suppose that you who are teachers in the schools hear much any more nowadays of what used to be so much aired under that old shibboleth, the humanities. When you hear the word it connotes in your minds doubtless a something about which there seems still to linger a certain superstitious belief. The humanities, O yes, a species of pedagogical dinosaur, traces of whose uncouth existence cannot be suc-

cessfully denied, but whose embodied reality we should be very much afraid to have anything to do with. But studies that make men human—and what else are the liberal studies—must not perish from the face of the earth, even if we substitute the civics of Harrisburg for *The Republic* of Plato. Gone is our Greek and going our Latin, and so confirmed in prejudice and unrepentant am I, that I have still a tear to shed for their departure. Except for the few, we have lost here in America that conversancy with the classics that make them a veritable liberalizing element in our education. But when the liberalizing, the enlightening and enfranchising quality goes out of education, it will cease to function. With vocational, technical, utility and business topics surging into the curriculum, it is we who teach literature in English who maintain to a large degree the struggle for liberal studies, studies not clogged with immediate deadening ends and aims, which, however useful, cannot at the same time be expected to radiate artistic, moral and spiritual light. English literature, with its contact with the choicest of human thought and the most precious of human experience, its touch with the novelists and dramatists who have depicted the ways of the human kind, its converse with the poets who have looked out beyond for us and shown us the stars—it is English literature which remains the last stronghold of the humanities. That stronghold we must maintain, if primeval darkness is not to overwhelm us. A race that continues the intellectual continuity of mankind in a knowledge and love of the best of the past linked onto the best of the present, a race that preserves that

sense of continuity by means of an acquaintance with the loftiest ideals, the wisdom and prophecy of the past, need not fear the charge of illiberality. Depend upon it, fellow teachers, to the degree in which we, each of us, bears his part in this liberalizing, humanizing process, whatever your topic or mine, are we worthy to be enrolled in the noble, the honorable brotherhood of those who guide forward their fellow men.

IX

A Batch of Queries

Shall I Send My Son to College?

THE answer to the query of this title obviously depends upon one or more of three things: upon the college (for there are colleges and "colleges"); upon the boy (there are sons who might as well be sent to Ballyhack); and upon father and the notions concerning the college and its functions which he has contrived to get into his head. Let us take father first. What do you expect a college to do for your boy? Increase his wage-earning capacity? This is unlikely, considering the Bolshevikian code which is hard upon us, whereby labor is to be paid for inversely as to its skill, and brains are become a drug in the market. Make him a gentleman, increase his respectability? If he has not inherited respectability from you, college will little help him. Aid him in life by the acquisition of new associates and the opening of social opportunities? Yes, if you want him to be a sycophant. Train him vocationally? The real vocational training-school is the world, not the cloister. Then why send a boy to college? Let echo, for the moment, answer, why?

An excellent woman is reported to have said in sore exasperation some years ago, that she would as soon send her son to hell as to Yale. This deliverance was a great advertisement for the venerable university at New Haven and

it may be inferred was referable more to the attraction of the labials in both words than to any actual acquaintance on the part of that excellent woman either with Yale or with its hot competitor in the schooling of mankind in the nether world. But one suspects that the unfitness in this case was less in the college than in the boy. The son of such a mother could only be "safe"—safe for protracted infancy —wrapped in cotton batting and kept in a glass case. It would be cruel to send to college one so prone to the infantile paralysis of petty sin. Such a boy would cheat at marbles and perhaps tell fibs, to say nothing of the horrors of chewing gum! Let us hope that he was kept in the nursery.

A well-known teacher used to say that he would like to have the power to send some of his students home or about some serious business. For a college is a place in which there are many electives besides those of the curriculum. Few youths go wrong in college who have not already turned to the left before entering. The idle inevitably seek the idle, in college as in the world, and the vicious the vicious. But the major current of our youth flows on steadily, honestly, seriously in the main, despite a good deal of adorable boyishness; and the average American boy profits much in the average American college, as the average English boy profits at his universities, in his study, in his play, in his associations; for a college worthy the name regulates successfully that precious period of growth by means of which the hobble-de-hoy schoolboy develops into the semblance, and more than the semblance, of an actual man.

Send your son to college, then, to make a man of him.

Give him this best of opportunities of measuring himself against his fellows and equals in years and advantages, whether it be in the natural endowments of his brain or in the toughness of his muscles. Let him find in this struggle of fitness, elevated by ideals and removed measurably from the sordidness of the actual struggle for life, the schooling which will fit him to take up that later and unavoidable struggle, sustained by knowledge, ideas, and by that training in how to go at a thing and worry it to completion which we may affirm to be one of the things which characterizes the college-trained man. It is a good thing for a man to proceed to his degree, not for the sheepskin or the letters designating a degree, but for the value of a thing undertaken and completed. I am fond of repeating that a degree is like the word " sterling " stamped on silver. It does not make the thing silver. It only tells you by the sanction of custom that the article is silver, a good thing, often, to know in the currency of life.

Send your son to college to educate him for his leisure. The longest business day comes to an end. There is still a weekly day of rest, however we abuse it, and there comes an evening to the most busy lives, when the traffic of every day measurably abates, and there is time which we may actually call our own. It is for these precious moments in life that a college education particularly prepares a man; a factory or machine shop will do as well for the work-a-day hours. And here we reach the real line of contrast between the education of the man and the education of the mechanic —training in ideas as contrasted with training in manual dexterity. All labor is honorable and the hand is as honor-

able as the head. But labor for wage, however necessary and respectable, is not of the quality of the disinterestedness of labor for love of the work, for the glow of muscles honestly tired, the satisfaction of ideals approximately realized. The technical school and the college are two things, and confusion between them is the cause of most of our educational ills. The technical school teaches how to do something; its proper and commendable end is training in a vocation, training in some process which will bring income and a livelihood. The college teaches much that is inconvertible into material assets and that part of its teaching is the most precious, for it raises the whole man to a higher level and makes wholesome and sweet those moments when art, literature, music and religion can exercise their benign influences, unharrowed by the cries of barter and untroubled by the avaricious spirit of gain. To the law school send your son for law, to the "business college" (strange contradiction in words) for the practicalities of business, to college for the training of the man. And go to college first, because a lawyer, a doctor, a good trader is best made out of a man. A mere trader, lawyer or doctor does not so readily develop into a man. College is the school common to humanity not particular to any trade. To college, then, with your boy, and much may be added to him.

Should a Girl Go to College?

This question is Victorian and quite out of date. But as there are surprisingly antiquated people still ostensibly living, though rarely asking questions, let us consider this as a species of curiosity, and possibly in that wise only.

A great deal of water has run under London Bridge since that fine old bear, Doctor Johnson, likened a woman's acquisition of Greek to that other pretty curiosity, a dog, dancing in a doublet. The dainty little lady, who screamed at a mouse and fainted sentimentally on occasion, has gone her fragile way with crinolines and left us with different, if not fewer, affectations. We no longer call a school for girls a "young ladies' seminary," except, perhaps, in the South where some of the notions of the last generation still delightfully linger. The ridicule long heaped on that outrageous innovation, Vassar College, is recalled only by its earlier graduates, now elderly women, many of them of distinction; and the late Susan B. Anthony might walk the streets today in the ugly masculine costume which she affected, unregarded, if not admired.

When the question which heads this paragraph was first asked, the response was in chorus an emphatic "no." And we still hear the echoes of old objections from old-fashioned bachelors—seldom from men of family, for they have been taught better. How, for example, education, carried too far was thought to unsex woman, unfit her for the duties of home and the rearing of children; how it was alleged to level up her vanity and level down man's respect for her. However, the experiment was tried and the woman's college came into being as a separate and new institution, as the appendix or addendum to a college already founded for men, and lastly, frankly and logically, in the extension to women, as to men, of "all the rights and privileges which appertain" to scholarship on the highways of learning.

And, strange to say, nothing very dire has happened.

Women, even college women, are still charming and womanly; and men marry the fools of the other sex no more frequently than they did before learning scared them. The man who hates to have his sisters know so much more than he does has had to brush up a bit, and putting his condescension in his pockets, speaks with his womankind as equal to equal; and this has been good for them as well as for him. And yet custom in the race is strong. As he sat in his compartment of a sleeper, not yet made up, the other night, the writer unavoidably overheard a masculine monologue, femininely accompanied by two intelligent and cultivated women. The male voice continued on and on in an endless runnel of talk, small talk, dull talk, obvious, commonplace talk. And his interlocutors interpolated timidly with polite " ahs " and " indeeds " and " reallys," occasionally attempting a lead, an objection; only to create a momentary eddy, a swirl, and the current flowed on in a discourse as full of " I's " as is Mississippi. Why this feminine deference to man? Another generation of equal education for man and woman may remedy this.

" Should a girl be sent to college? " is less now the question than " why should she not go? " For the burden of proof is upon the objectors and, with the enfranchisement of her sex in business life, in the professions and at the polls, there is no logic in further denial to woman of any educational opportunity which is her brother's.

A pert young woman once asked President Eliot, " And when will Harvard open her doors on equal terms to women as to men? " And President Eliot is said to have replied, " The year after Bryn Mawr opens her doors to men as to

women." This was long ago, before the foundation of annexes, adjuncts and addenda to the colleges for men. But the answer is apt enough; and the question is still with us.

Identity, however, is not always equality. We are adapting education more and more to individual needs and recognizing that training for one is not necessarily the training for all. The elective system, now so much discredited, was a groping after this adaptation; but it failed largely because it left the selection of subject to the choice of the immature mind of the student, instead of seeking that guidance in this matter which a more thorough and expert understanding of the working of mind, character and disposition may be able yet to give us. The author does not know enough technically about certain new sciences even to malign them, though precious little is needed for that ungracious purpose. But if individual characteristics and aptitudes should be taken into consideration in the choice of a career in life—and who can question it?—equally important is it that such considerations act in the choice of the subjects to be studied in school and college. And if all this is true of individual men and women, may not sex, after all, somewhat determine the nature of the diverse college courses which shall be equal for man and woman, but not necessarily identical?

The difference between the womanish man and the mannish woman is not that of a button; both are out of the norm and therefore abhorrent. It is the qualities common to mankind that we want cultivated in both sexes and these, after all, are enormously in excess in point of number and

importance to those which distinguish them and stand in contrast. There is a question as to which is best, a college wholly for girls (such as Vassar or Wellesley), a girl's annex to a man's university (Radcliffe or Barnard, with respect to Harvard or Columbia), or an institution frankly open to men and women on equal terms, as are most of our universities of the West. And decision is by no means simple. Perhaps a college wholly for girls tends much to accentuate the very difference which it is intended to obliterate, producing in effect a sequestration of young women in cloisters and nunneries of their own, under teachers largely of their own sex; while the "annex" has its drawbacks as well, resulting at times in a hybrid arrangement by which the neighboring great university lends its professors in their jaded moments to the sisters of students whose brothers have already had the professor at his best. On the other hand, it is inevitable that the institution which is fully co-educational intersperses with those wholesome boyish or girlish activities of college life which we believe so valuable to young people, a certain amount of that social intercourse which is called "society" and which for the young had better come later than earlier. But boys and girls are born into one family; and, in most of the country, they are schooled together. Need we separate them in college? And will not the adaptation of subject, alluded to above, partly, at least, solve the problem?

If you have a daughter, send her to college. If she must earn her living, educate her in her vocation; if she need not earn her living, educate her as fully and completely

as her brother for that thing which men and women most waste, her leisure.

WHY "TEACH" LITERATURE?

Years ago before the substitution of mechanism for horses, I was touring with my family by the latter means in the Wordsworthian lake country. On a long, upward grade where humanity to our beasts made us wayfarers for the nonce, my young children made the acquaintance for us all of two very agreeable young English gentlemen. One has since become a notable novelist, the successor of Anthony Trollope in that meticulous representation of the intimacies of English family life that distinguishes the painter of genre in another art. We came to know this gentleman very pleasantly, and many were the chats which I had with this alert, cultivated and interesting young man. I remember distinctly how on one occasion he asked me how I happened to be a professor of English literature? How it came about that we should teach literature in our American colleges? And what, after all, it really was that we were teaching under that name?

It was much in this way that my friend talked about it, and be it remembered that this was many years ago. "You see," said he, "we don't have these 'courses,' as you call them, about authors in either our schools or our colleges. Take my own case,"—and he spoke without egotism—"I tumbled up, so to speak, in my father's library. There were all the books going, everywhere, all over the house. I do not remember when I read Scott; it was certainly in the nursery. And Father knew or had met Thack-

eray, Dickens, Arnold, Rossetti and the rest as you or I, in London, might run across Mr. Hardy, Mr. Meredith or Mr. Kipling. My mother did not think that we ought to read George Eliot or, later, Mr. Swinburne. But Tennyson was the Laureate. We boys knew all about him and read his poetry, of course. It was a bit out of line to read Browning, but that was why we read him. And as to the older authors, of course we knew about Shakespeare and went to see the plays when we could get the chance; and Milton, old Cromwellian that he was, and jolly old Ben Jonson, who was a Westminster boy, and Dryden and Pope and Gray, why, of course, we knew these poets; and we talked about them at Eton and were proud, when we went up to Cambridge, that Bacon had studied at Trinity, where his statue is, you know, and that so many more great poets were of our University than of Oxford." And he concluded: " I can't see what there is to study about the poets when you read them and are reared with them."

The Oxford and Cambridge of fifty years ago knew no professorships of English literature; howsoever Matthew Arnold and others held, at the former, a professorship of poetry in which in a course or two of lectures, readily gathered into as many volumes, he might exercise his critical acumen to the deeper appreciation of the great poetry of his own and former times. Since these old days in England literature has come to a place in the curriculum; for even in England education is extending now to the thousands who neither " read the poets " nor were " reared with them "; while in our own America the study of literature,

alone among the humanities, holds its own in the bewildering confusion which the new education has thrust upon us.

But what is this study, the study of literature, in which we have so anticipated England, into which England, even in the strongholds of educational conservatism, Oxford and Cambridge, is now following us? A young man came into my office the other day—and let me remark that it is quite impossible to exaggerate this story. He was a nice boy. However, he was born and bred in the tents of Philistia. It seems that after three years of "education"—such he called it—in business, economics, sociology and accounting, he had determined to leave the University at the end of the year. He had decided that he wanted something else; he did not know exactly what. And he had taken the bold step of throwing over all regular work, all counting of units and hopes of a degree, to visit as many different rooms, as many different professors and as many different subjects as possible before he left the University, in the hope thus to acquire a broader education by a possible contagion in the process and on the fly. It would have been comic if it had not been so tragic. I could have wept for him. As it was, I vainly endeavored to explain to him how time is an element in the process of education, how a tree cannot be grown in a season or even a piece of furniture rubbed down in an hour; how scholarship still involves the significance of leisure time in which to develop, if it be actual scholarship, although I had to acknowledge that leisure and education have long since been divorced for incompatibility of temper, to say nothing of the something beyond, which has all but hopelessly evaporated in our America, the quality,

the spirit that makes for refinement, sensibility and what may be designated under that abused word " culture."

Now the study of literature is not the study of history nor of that interesting nosing about of notions, movements, theories and speculations, that pleasing intermeddling with generalities which some call sociology. Again, the study of literature is not biography, with its minute gossip about great folk just as if they were small folk, its dip into the morbid anatomy of genius to determine its symptoms, like the symptoms of a disease. Still again, the study of literature is not bibliography with its anecdotage of prices, its chatter about unique editions and its ingenious niceties as to quartos, duodecimos, hand-made paper and what not. The man who collects rare editions of the poets merely for the rarity and quest of it, with an eye, be it remembered, to a rising market in the value of curios, belongs with any other collector—of postage stamps, old furniture, rags or old bottles. No book ever radiated culture through its closed cover or by virtue of its date and title or some curious error in the text like that of the Breeches Bible. Nor is the study of literature that censorious and egotistic thing which some of us still praise under the name of criticism, a species of magistrate's court to which is summoned that culprit—however frequently he is veritably such—that culprit who has had the audacity in this busy world to waste his time and ours in writing a book; the species of criticism which, emulating the similitude of the scales, weighs virtues against vices—quite certain always which is which—and, according to the declination of the balance, renders

verdict: "Go up and dwell with the immortals" or—"don't."

History, biography, bibliography, even personal traits of character are the lines of latitude and longitude by means of which we determine our whereabouts in the world of literature. No man need run afoul of the Tropic of Cancer or entangle himself in the Equator. But there is much afoul in biographical particulars, and we gloat over toothsome scandal, at times, of the great which we would not repeat concerning a neighbor. As to entanglements, nothing that the United States Senate has done or has refused to do in its sometime panic about Europe after the war can equal some of our psychological difficulties as to great personages, difficulties the Gordian knot of which can only be cut by the keen blade of a little common sense.

No study of literature is worth while unless we begin in a sympathetic recognition of the truth that literature is an art, sometimes useful or applied, at times a fine art existing as the highest expression of human thought, spirit and yearning. Now there are two things which you can do with an art. You can practise it or you can appreciate it. If you are of a creative mind—and few of the children of men are really creative—you can practise literature. Clearly, when such as you or I speak of "teaching literature," we do not mean—we have not the effrontery to mean—that we are making our students into poets, successful novelists, notable dramatists and the like. It is a wise dispensation of Providence that there are a thousand who can appreciate the beauties of a sunset where there may be but one who dares essay in some wise to paint or even to poetize

it. And this more generally spread power of appreciation of the beautiful, the significant, the fitting, the veritable is, I should say, the strongest element in mankind which leads upward in the direction of the light. I emphatically deny that literature, in any true sense of the word, can be taught; for all the dates and names and titles and theories in the world constitute only the approaches to literature. Erect these scaffolds if you will, if you can approach the temple of the arts in no other way. But be careful lest this extraneous structure of yours does not obscure the building in its majesty and proportion, however you may have scrutinized some petty detail of a cornice in the process. It is appreciation which we can nurture in our approaches to the study of literature and we can nurture taste, discrimination, understanding and a modest temper of mind which is more intent to be guided than to assume magisterial judgments. Literature being an art, and our end an appreciation of its qualities, the teacher of literature is merely a guide, one who, taking those less experienced than himself by the hand, leads them on to wider, fairer prospects, to a finer sensibility, a truer sympathy, more genuine culture.

I have tried to make clear in some wise my idea of literature and I have denied that we can teach an art, so much a thing of the spirit, so immeasurable by the standards of utility, so much a quality, a temper of character and mind. But shall we not then concern ourselves with this difficult, this almost impossible task? Truly there was never a time in which the influences which make for refinement, which elevate and spiritually uplift, have been in greater need than today and in our America. The sea of materialism, of

barbarism is in flood, if not further rising. On its waves dance all the cheap utilities and banalities of life, rising higher and higher as the flood comes on. Our education has become frankly a matter of accumulation. "How many units to a degree?" is our question, not "has the degree turned out in the process a refined and cultivated man or woman?" "What does this course amount to in wage-earning foot-pounds?" Not, "has the course widened vision, deepened character, bettered taste?" In a word, with the classics discredited with the majority who know them not, with the pseudo-sciences motoring along the high-roads of education where we formerly trod afoot along the stony paths of individual endeavor, the study of literature remains the last stronghold of humane teaching. And our courses in English are crowded as they are today with eager hordes of students seeking the light, because—despite all the educational heresies of the hierarchy who make our "education" for us—the young yearn after the faith of the spirit, after that fading culture which is a precious part of their birthright, a heritage which we are throwing away almost hopelessly in much of our so-called "work" in the schools and colleges of the moment.

I am no pessimist—even as to education. And, although I am not sure that Professor Santayana is not right when he warns us that we are probably declining now after the war into one of those long periods of setback for civilization of which history affords us so many examples, I would yet hold that our duty is the stronger upon us to struggle against the cheapness, the materialism, the mediocrity that kills. In the great thoughts of the past, under-

stood and dwelt on—not swallowed in haste—in largeness of ideal, liberality of spirit, joy in the beautiful, appreciation of aspiration lie the elements which make for light, and it is in these things that good literature counts supremely in education as in life. It is only in the nurture of a standard of taste and in the upholding of it that we can hope to combat the silliness and cheapness in ideals which swashes about over the flats of commonplace American living. If we can get our children to see that there are better things to read and let the silent influences of culture into their lives, there may yet come a time when we shall no longer blush for our beloved, unread, unlettered, unrepentant, barbarian America.

What is the Matter with Literature?

Prophecy is always perilous and its dangers are enhanced when, in our vision, we affect to pick and choose from among our contemporaries those who are destined for the crown immortal. And yet it seems not too much to say that in these, our post-bellum days, the English-speaking peoples have produced, at least to the limited vision of the present, no such transcendent personalities in literature as Shelley, Byron and Keats, in the days of the Regency; Tennyson, Carlyle and Dickens in the now despised Victorian era; or Stevenson and Meredith, let us say, later. That Mr. Somebody from Somewhere in England has lately declared that there are six or eight novelists of the moment writing better novels than Thackeray's need not trouble us, nor can we feel that Mr. Carl Sandburg in his native Chicago has determined, in his own bold way, or

Mr. Robinson in a way more orthodox, the course in which English poetry in America is likely to continue. And the question naturally arises: Is outstanding personality in literature—as now to a large extent in politics—to be a thing of the past? In a world as active assuredly, as vital, as full of the possibilities of romance, passion, heroism, all that is the subject-matter of literature, why is it that we have so little that is large, that is purposeful, fraught with significant message or buoyed with artistic touch?

I attended a concert not long since conducted by M. Darius Milhaud, described as "the leader of that little band of Parisian composers, the *groupe de six,* who represent the newest tendencies in French music." Information concerning "the six" continues: "They are all young, these high spirited innovators. . . . They have succeeded in attracting almost as much attention as Debussy did a generation ago." And we listen to their theories: "brevity, conciseness, simplicity of utterance; curtness, directness, self-confidence; a disdain of the contemplative, the mystical, the sentimental and the grand manner." I shall spare the reader a critique musical, for this is not our subject. It is the attitude of "the six" in which we are interested and this is illustrated in their topics. They have "expressed in music" a skating-rink, the Eiffel Tower, the cortège of beasts accompanying Orpheus. They have turned their music to the "delineation" of jugglers, acrobats and the "barkers" for a vaudeville show. They have imitated "the noises of waves, revolvers, typewriters and the whirl of aeroplanes," and they have taken leave of New York in a fox trot written for orchestra. As to noises, our daily

life affords them quite sufficiently, if perhaps not so realistically. As to the theories, we seem to have heard much of all this before. In painting, fiction, poetry, much of it is as recurrent as spring and—to be frank—in a manner as welcome.

In a comparatively recent book, *Pavanes and Divisions,* Mr. Ezra Pound ejaculated several remarkably fine phrases as to poetry and literature. Since the example of Dryden's prefaces, some three hundred years ago, writers have been wonderfully absorbed in the processes of their own art. They do not always succeed in absorbing the interest of their readers to the same degree—but this is perhaps expecting too much. For example, what could be more sensible than Mr. Pound's demand for direct treatment of " the thing, whether subjective or objective "; than his dictum " use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation "; than his attitude as to rhythm, " compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in the sequence of the metronome? " But did Mr. Pound have to journey to England, write many books, and endure many years of bitter exile to discover all this? And in all the agreeable and pointed " don'ts " of his creed, shall we find much that differs in essentials from the curtness, self-confidence, disdain of the mystical and especially of the grand manner, all of which has been put forth with much the same unction and the same affectation of a sage originality as characteristic of our musical " sixes." There is nothing so unoriginal as the originality of new " schools " of art, music, poetry or drama. For discovery of the obvious and ex-

ploitation of the commonplace the "school" is without comparison. But however eccentrically they may pose, however, mistrustful individually, they may herd together for protection—and admiration—in little "schools," it is out of the recurrent miracles of life that even they must find their materials, distort or vulgarize them as they may.

Possibly in this very matter of "schools" we may find a suggestion as to one of our queries. Genius is self-reliant and individual. Genius is solitary and reticent. Little men need the support of their fellows and herd together as herd the smaller cattle. Wordsworth—though under the influence of doctrinaire Coleridge he did wearisomely expound himself—waited a generation in dogged persistence for a public to accept him, and Browning, more recently, waited quite as long. But our little new poet must be accepted instantly; for his wares are perishable and he with them. In a world broken up into a thousand little self-centered circles, disunited mentally and none too intellectual at best, we must find some means to quicken recognition and there are several means to this end. There is the exchange of favors, in other words commercialism; for there are other prices besides those of the market. "You ka me, and I ka thee." There is the affectation of singularity in style, in subject, in point of view, even in personality, which card, played with skilful hand, may attract "almost as much attention as Debussy." This quest after originality, this affectation of pose lends itself to subject-matter, fetched from afar, or distilled out of the ordinary or the degraded with an impudence at which at least we must wonder. It lends itself to a jaunty disregard of

the spirit of beauty, whether of form, of topic, or of morals, to a contempt for the past, to eccentricity and tricks of literary legerdemain. And it leads, too, to a violation of the idioms of good writing so that a lyric pounds out the rhythm of a big bass drum and an orchestra is degraded into the "realism" of the click of an office typewriter. Perhaps the unhappiest result of all this urge after notoriety is the prevalent obsession of our novels with sex. That this is partly referable to the scientific bias of our time is not to be denied; but who can question that this, too, is often sheer commercialism. "Our readers pay for this sort of thing; we supply it because they want it."

It is significant, perhaps, of the height of our ideals that the moment a critic objects to the salaciousness of a *Cytherea* or a *Ulysses,* the cry ascends to heaven that the inalienable freedom of art is in peril. That art should enjoy a freedom other than that of the sun and air, none but the shade of an Anthony Comstock will demand. But with every respect for our friends Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Joyce, for the art of each of whom we profess, each in his due measure, a corresponding measure of admiration, this more or less petty practice of dallying with the dangerous, this shaking of the skirts of propriety with the devil in view, is a vastly different thing from courage as to the inevitable in art. Courage, yes, our literature has a plenty of courage; courage in every direction save one. Ours is not the courage of reticence. And be it remembered that the line too much, the phrase too facile, the detail too minute, each and all of these things are the negation of art. The satyrs went unfettered and the naiads unclad. But

with the two authors mentioned above, with Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Galsworthy and even Mr. Hutchinson in view, is there no world but that of the satyr and the naiad? It takes a sane and a brave spirit to accept the world simply and heartily without the radical's inspiration to reform it, the jester's cue to mock it, or this contemporary itch of ours to malign or brutalize it.

And here precisely is our point: the overemphasis of sex in our novels and on the stage, the hypersensitiveness as to self among our poets, distrust, born of ignorance as to the past, a provincial intolerance for opinion other than our own and the preposterous notion that in art, because it happens to be true in science, there is nothing good that was not new minted at least yesterday—these are some of the things which account for the disappointments which we feel when we judge the work of today and compare it, with justice, moderation and a modicum of knowledge, with many a time of achievement in the past. We are not denying that our average in style and workmanship is good; we are not denying that our English-writing poets—and our poetesses—are often graceful, happy, even musical, whether they keep the highway of regularity or straggle about in the negligée of a freedom little understood. We shall not even question a certain homely fidelity to truth, the truth of the commonplace and the every day, grasped at times in well-known best sellers. And there are other nice things to say. But where are we to look, despite occasional exceptions, which the present writer is far too wise to detail, for that large utterance which abides the test of time, that consummate workmanship which lasts beyond parochial

fashions, that significant message which shall tell to times to come that there were once giants and not only triflers, dilettantes, poseurs and opportunists, living from hand to mouth on husks and the incense of praise and discarding that eternal bread which was given the creator of things beautiful and significant for the sustenance of all time?

Accepting our "try" at an answer in part and by no means wholly satisfied with it, let us conclude with further questioning. Is it that art is so hopelessly aristocratic that it cannot survive in the atmosphere of democracy? Is it that that far-famed mirror which art has ever held up to nature has been broken into so many tiny facets by our modern life that none can reflect anything in large? Or is it that in current American and English education as well, an education which gives us something of many things and nothing very much, we have lost that intensity of soul in the white heat of which alone great works are compassed?

X

The Unity of the Arts

IN working in my own field, which has to do with the art of poetry, of drama and that of prose, and more especially in browsing, as we all like to do, beyond the fence in the fields that abut upon our own but really belong to other people, I have often been struck by the obvious enough idea that after all we are every one of us seeking the same thing: it is only our ways which are different. I read a painter's idea of art and I learn something from his point of view, or a musician's; and sometimes I wonder whether, could we meet and talk it over, we might not be more mutually helpful. Then I come across a philosopher who says "O yes, I discovered all that a long time ago," or a psychologist who says, "Hold all your ideas in abeyance until I formulate for you exactly what you ought to think," and I become troubled; for these wise people of theory always trouble me, although I acknowledge that we owe a great deal to them. Now I am not a philosopher, the title is too exalted for me; nor a psychologist, I should resent being classed with those who seem to be chiefly engaged in giving hard names to the ordinary processes of common sense. I am only an inquirer, with you to help me, all of us lovers of some form of art, an inquirer into some of the qualities that give unity to the arts.

I have just said: "We are every one of us seeking the

same thing: it is only our ways which are different." Here we have "our ways," which will take care of themselves for the nonce; and "that which we are seeking." And what is it that we who love the arts are seeking? I confess to a very frank fear of definitions; they harden and codify After a while they get accepted for the thing itself and we lose the spirit in the word. Without declaring war on facts which are ugly enemies to meddle with, I should say that there are few ideas which are not best held in a pliable, provisional state, to be adjusted to our growth and to the acquisition of more knowledge about them and about other things. Of course if one has no ideas, he need not adjust them. If you have a good many, you will like to keep them in the agreement, if possible, of a happy family, and welcome as many new ones as you can. The process relieves tedium. Indeed, it is often necessary to dismiss some of our oldest notions out at the back door, if we are to have room for the new guests and harmony among them. It would seem rather better to be a marble statue or a bronze bust than to have a head full of unchangeable ideas. There was once a man who stereotyped all his ideas at twenty, and printed from the plate ever after. People said of him when he died that he had never grown up. Let us grow up; and the best thing to grow up with or up to is an idea, an ideal which, unattainable as a star, may guide us in such growth as may become ours. Therefore let us be provisional about definitions.

All arts are an appeal to the senses, to sight, to hearing and the like, and all have their basis in the visible and audible world, without which they could have no basis at

all. When someone says, "I do not want things as they *seem* but as they *are*," he is appealing from art to science. He is not concerned with the beauty of the flower, the penciling upon its petals, he wants to know the number of its stamens, its species and genera and its relations to other flowers. And I have no quarrel with him if he is after that sort of thing. The arts, however, are not that sort of thing; for the arts all of them are concerned with the illusions of the senses, those divine illusions of the visible world in which there may be the deepest kind of significance and an approach to truth quite as close as that of science. Art is concerned, then, with light and shadow, sound and its combinations and varieties, words in their significance and their music. Art takes the reflection of a cloud, chasing over a hill, the sunshine dancing on water, the lines of beauty in figure or face or the furrows of significance in form or landscape and gives them permanence in picture. Art puts together the unco-ordinated sounds of nature and the human voice, the elements of melodious succession and harmonious combination, figuring a mood, an emotion, an aspiration musically; as again, by the means of words chosen for their meaning, their color, their succession and combination, art symbolizes ideas, conjures images, raises passions, glorifying, clarifying, ennobling by means of poetry. And here comes in the function of the artist; the informing mind, the creator. The possibility—"potentiality" the philosophers call it—of a great statue lies in every piece of marble, the natural sounds which, caught and combined, produced the *Fifth Symphony,* have always existed. It took a Michel Angelo to realize his David and a long development of

the art of music to evolve in process of time a Beethoven. In the arts we have not merely nature perceived; we have nature perceived by the artist mind, things visible and audible passed through the medium of a creative intelligence; the actual realized in its full significance, so that art is more than the mere imitation of things seen and heard, it becomes the translation of these things into a newer and truer order, dependent upon its source but transcending it.

I have been trying to avoid words which have contrived to get frozen into definitions; but I have slipped up as to one of these, and that is the word "nature." There are people who think that the poet Wordsworth, or some other grave and elderly gentleman like him, invented nature. And there are others who put nature—that is trees and fields and turnips—on one side and mankind on the other and think of them in contrast. Nature, in any reasonable sense, is the seeable and audible, the knowable universe, and we are all of us as necessary parts of it as any robin or dandelion. Nature is even more. Your brains with the ideas in them, your hearts with their emotions, your fears, hopes and aspirations, all are nature and as such as much the subject matter of art as any rose or sunset. When Wordsworth, in familiar lines, likens a little village child to

> A violet by a mossy stone,
> Half hidden from the eye,
> Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky,

he is not giving us merely a portrait, lovely as the comparison is. He continues:

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

And we know that the subject of his lines is the pity, the grief which animates the feeling heart at untimely death in childhood. Not only that, it is our sympathy with the fervor and truth of the poet's emotion which makes this an immortal lyric.

Here are some verses in which Charles Lamb ponders in monotonous revery, scandalizing the rules of the old prosody to the delight and, let it be hoped, to the example of all such as make free with verse.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. . . .

Ghostlike, I paced round the haunts of my childhood
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces. . . .

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me, all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

We have, here once more, the simple outpouring of a universal emotion, one which you may have felt and I. The poet has become our voice, the universal voice, only you and I are not individually vocal. From which we may infer how truly poetry—as likewise music and picture, too—may possess the quality of universality and therefore speak for an age, for a race, for a nation, for humanity itself.

Notice what old and well-known poetry I have just

quoted, poetry accepted and entered to vitalize as only poetry can vitalize our human life. Now let me tell you something to say to newfangled people, the scientific practical sort, when they twit you with reading old poems or playing old music. Tell them: "My art will outlast your science." In electricity, aviation, chemistry, political and all the other economies, you are out of the race if you are not up to date and abreast with the times. Old science is superseded science, exploded science, a rung on the ladder beyond which we have long since climbed. Even our religions—at least our creeds—have to be made over every generation or so, and often very much to their improvement. But it is not so with art. *Science is provisional; art is eternal.* Once a great human soul has expressed himself in picture, poem or symphony, that work will remain a precious and a permanent possession of the human race. Anybody who dares may write *Hamlet* over again. But his new play will not supersede Shakespeare's tragedy, not even if it should happen to be a great deal better. There are fashions in art and temporary ways of doing this or that; but all the free verse in the world will not put Homer and Sophocles, Vergil and Horace out of fashion; and all the jazzery that ever came out of the jungles of Africa will not take the place of Bach and Beethoven. Art is the most permanent thing which we possess in this changing, shifting world of ours, because its essentials, the thing which we see, the things we can hear, the things which we can feel, acting upon that marvellous instrument, the spirit of man, and translated by him into forms of significance and beauty, are things of a stuff which is enduring and everlasting.

Perhaps some are thinking: "Why, if this is so, there can be no progress in art." But notice, this by no means follows. With the illimitable range and variety of nature before us, can we believe that art alone can not grow? With the history of the ingenuity of mankind in a thousand ways, can we think that we have come to the end of his imagination? The basis of the arts is in the intelligent perceptions of men and as these perceptions grow with that higher degree of education and culture which is at some time to be ours, there will be an even greater possibility, a foundation of higher level on which to build a greater, a subtler, a sublimer, art. But this growth, like all veritable growth, will be slow. It is a happy world to have had in twenty centuries one Homer, one Sophocles, one Dante and one Shakespeare, to have in less than ten centuries one Michel Angelo, one Velasquez,—if he were here himself he would add, "and one Whistler"—but we lose the sense of proportion if we accept the personal estimate of vanity from however great a man. There is nothing more absurd than the idea that you must give up the old in art, if you cleave to the new. Old science is a different matter, be it ever remembered. Nobody can sail now by Mercator's projection of the map of the world, though it be enlarged "with the augmentation of the Indies"; nobody except an elderly writer of second-rate detective stories or an eminent scientist in whom sorrow for a beloved son has worked a species of obsession, now accepts, even tacitly, the rappings and the tippings, the ghostly glidings, manifestations and apparitions which, if we go far enough back, where once accepted as veritable science. But the *Æneid* has no more

superseded the *Iliad* than *Paradise Lost* has superseded Vergil. Our knowledge melts in the sunshine of research; the hoards of our art grow greater for each new addition. Let me repeat there is nothing more absurd than the idea that we must give up the old in art, if we are to cleave to the new. Indeed I am so catholic, that I am not a Roman or even a Greek in the arts. I believe in them all, if they be only true arts. Debussy does not spoil me for Brahms, nor Strauss for Mozart. I can read Amy Lowell without thinking too constantly how unlike she is to Milton; and I only flinch when I meet the propagandist, masquerading as a dramatist, or the pornographist, parading fiction. There are extremes in these modern raids and forays into what is novel that take the painter, the musician and the poet beyond the widest frontier which we can liberally assign to the arts; but when the momentum of their eccentricity is exhausted we find them often bringing back curious and interesting spoils to enrich the very capitals of the arts.

But let us look now into some of the diversities of the arts which may make plainer to us their essential unity. Each art is like one of the great languages; minor arts within the range of greater ones are like dialects. For example, there is the familiar device of sound in poetry, known to the old grammarians by the hard name, onomatopœia, in which an attempt is made to imitate natural sounds in words. "Mew, said the cat and bow-wow, said the dog," is a banal illustration of this; and there used to be philological generalizers who found in this sort of thing the origin of human speech: but they were simple folk.

Of course we all know illustrations in poetry which are brilliantly justifiable. The

> Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn and caldron bubble,

of the witches in *Macbeth* is a case in point. The extraordinary feats in rhyming of Browning's familiar *Pied Piper of Hamelin* are another. But both these are examples of grotesque art, art in which mere beauty is sacrificed to an effect of the weird, the distorted, the unnatural, similar to caricature in drawing or to the cacophony of muted horns and novel instruments of percussion, purveying strange noises in the orchestra. Now the trouble with all these things in serious art is that, in hands less than those of genius, they are apt to become unidiomatic; they do not really belong to the language which they purport to speak, and then for the most part we laugh at them. It is like Turner, the great English painter, of whom it is related that to get a certain momentary effect he plastered a gobbet of glue half as big as your fist in the middle of one of his canvases and painted over it. In time when the gobbet dropped off, the device did not improve that picture. For the idiom of painting demands that you be content with two dimensions and that you simulate the third by means of perspective. On the other hand there is no perspective in a statue, nor can you improve it by painting it flesh color; for however that may be more like nature, you have lost the idiom of your art.

To pursue this a little further and put it in a slightly different way, every art has its conventions. If you trans-

cend them you impair the medium of that art. For example I have always felt that when Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet,* the fascination of the subject beguiled him into lengthening his play to such a degree that it can not be staged in its completeness in a single performance; and we have thus presented to us that contradiction, a play which can not be acted. Still again I feel that Beethoven, aging and deaf and reaching out beyond the music of the world in his imagination, wrote the last part of his famous *Ninth Symphony* for the voices of seraphim and cherubim, which we may infer have a considerably higher register than the voices of mere feminine mortals: few women at least can reach these flights of sound. Each of these cases is an example of great art transcending its normal limitations, art become unidiomatic in the medium chosen, because the creator of it, superlative though his grasp, has strained that medium to the partial defeat of his purpose. At the other extreme of the wide sweeps which range below, I must say that I have my doubts of the genius of the young man who must find a freer vehicle for his immortal thoughts than those of the great masters of literature; and I am hesitant as to the cubist or post-futurist who only in a combination inscrutable of statuary and the painting of strange geometrical figures can convey his message to an obtuse and incredulous world.

And here arises a question which is constantly before us: To what extent have we come in these modern days of ours, to rationalize our art to the impairment of our actual enjoyment? In music we are commonly told in print all that it is possible to know—besides much that is irrelevant—

concerning the composer, his work, his themes and how he uses them. We are even furnished with a gratuitous guess as to what he was thinking about when he wrote this or that; and a sad movement can hardly escape being dubbed "The Sorrows of Werther" or a joyous one, the dance of comets or of electrons at least. In drama, too, at least one of our contemporaries, Bernard Shaw, commonly writes a longer account of "the why" and "the how" he came to write the play than the play itself usually amounts to. It is well that we should be informed as to what we are to enjoy, but it may be questioned if too much "understanding" in the appreciation of poetry and music may not cool the emotions as well as confuse and divert them. Alertness as to the constructive qualities of a story or as to the thematic intricacies of a fugue is not the same thing as an emotional appreciation of the artistry of either.

In the arts, it is as easy as lying to be eccentric; the difficult matter is to be alike orthodox, original, and yet yourself. And whenever anybody begins to be like somebody else in poetry, music or painting, he has forfeited his birthright, and it is usually for a mess of pottage. Unhappily in this world, conducted as it is at present on the mundane system of three meals a day—if you can get them—pottage fills an important void. But if you can not slave for it, starve for it, sacrifice all but your soul for it, the divine fire of art is not in you and you will only talk about it, as we are doing today, and tell others, as I am doing now, just how heroic they ought to be. However, let us be consoled, it is a great thing for the least of us to live with an ideal before him however unattainable. People who care noth-

ing for any of the arts are like the old troglodytes, our forefathers, who lived only in caves and underground. The sun was merely a big, dangerous fire that warmed them and, being afraid of it, they made it their god; and they came not out of their holes by night to look at the glory of the stars because they were in terror of evil spirits. To live with the poets, with music, with art, however vicariously, in the famous Emersonian figure, is " to hitch your wagon to a star," more mundanely, to have a star in your horizon to steer by. We can not reach that star in these little cock-boats of yours and mine, but the sight of it, the beauty and steadfastness of it, will keep us off the rocks.

I am rather fond of telling self-centered people—and we are all of us more or less self-centered—that the best specialist in any subject is the man or woman who knows most about other things. To be devoted solely to a single art—for example that delightful art of how to sing a song well—is to lose sight of a number of things, not part of the training of your voice, but things which will make you a better singer. It has sometimes been reported as a reproach to students of painting that they know very little of what is off of their palettes. A cultivated young man or woman is excellent material out of which to make an artist in any form of art. And ignorance and want of cultivation are correspondingly bad foundations. It is frequently not that this, that or the other person does not know the technique of his art, it is that he has not the trained mind back of it to support what he technically knows. For in all art the idea is more important than the expression of it, and a vital idea usually supplies its own medium. Let me ad-

dress a plea to all who are in danger of too close an application to some one subject, art or other. If you are fond of music, read good literature and look at beautiful pictures. If you want to paint or try to, cultivate music and poetry as well. And if you write, do not disdain picture and music. Knowledge beyond the range of the subject of one's choice is part of that education which ceases not with schools and colleges. To stop in the process of education and culture is to stop in the process of growth. The mind is like water, keep it flowing and it is pure: let it stand, and it becomes stagnant and saline.

It is not only this danger, however, of becoming self-centered to which those who work in the arts are peculiarly exposed. Such are in danger likewise of taking to themselves certain airs of superiority because, working in the fine arts, by a species of contagion they feel that they have become in some wise fine themselves. I remember well the shock which I once received at the hands of a candid friend—and only the recording angel is a more terrible visitant than a candid friend. This friend greeted me one day with the statement: "You know, I shouldn't call you a reading man." This seemed somewhat hard to say of one who has lived with books the greater part of a lifetime and who has impaired his eyesight, if not his industry, with a constant attention to them. My friend then explained that a reading man is one who reads for pleasure and at his own sweet will, not one who reads because he has to, one who makes a business of it. And my friend was right. The professional spirit often interferes with the true functioning of the arts. It is as commendable to make an honest

living out of teaching painting, or piano or poetry as it is commendable to make an honest living out of anything else: it is not a whit more so. There is no particular virtue in being the dreary thing which I am exhibiting, a professor; and the teaching of any art or science is a very humble occupation if we contrast it with the practice of an art creatively. We have in the arts the teacher, the interpreter, the creator. In painting and sculpture these are united; at least we expect a man to be able to paint a picture of some kind if he is to teach others. In the arts of music and literature, these three functions are commonly separated. One man writes dramas, a second acts them and a third—usually one who can neither write nor act—teaches how to do it. My moral is an obvious one, do not be merely an interpreter, create something for yourself, however humble; it will take you out of mere imitation into independence, out of serfdom into artistic freedom.

Everything in this world has its price and its value, a commonplace that need not be labored here again. But value and price, be it always remembered, are really two very different things. Art is not appraisable, nor measurable, I repeat, by avoirdupois or footrule, but, being a thing of the spirit, enters into our lives as do the virtues, as does veritable religion, to uplift us, sustain us, ennoble us into something human, giving us at times a glimpse beyond into the divine.

But let us get our feet on the ground once more, the only really safe place for pedestrians. There is a very practical application of this distinction of prices and values, to one of the anxious questions of the moment: the pay-

ment of teachers, artists, authors and their like. If you are going to be a poor artist—by which I do not mean an indigent one, but one who does not paint or model, write or compose any too well—you will be overpaid, no matter what may be in store for you. If, on the other hand, you should turn out to be a rich artist—by which I mean one opulent in the gifts of your art and industrious in your use of them—if you are, in a word, a veritable painter, poet or composer, it will be quite impossible to overpay you, for what you will give to the world will be invaluable, inestimable, unappraisable. Making every allowance for the inequality of our deserts, your income for example, or mine, and striking a balance amongst us, all who practise, administer or teach the arts, I have sometimes wondered whether we are not getting rather more than less than we deserve.

Let us return. I have endeavored to remind you that despite the different paths which we may be treading, our goal in all the arts is the same, and that is a realization to the senses of the beauty, symmetry, the significance and inner meaning of this visible and audible world in which we live. We must confess frankly that we are concerned with the illusions, with things as they are presented to our senses; and we have no other means of knowing, when all is said, however the philosopher may warn us away from what we see to what he may scientifically reason out for us. But here comes in the power of vision; let me repeat, it is not merely the thing seen but the thing seen with the artist's eye and heard with an ear attuned to inner as well as outward harmony. The only difference between a great artist in portraiture and you or me, fumbling a brush, consists in the

circumstance that he knows where to put the stroke, whilst you and I are rather uncertain about it. It is in this seeing with the artist's eye, this realization of the inner and hidden beauty and significance which you and I miss, that the highest art subsists, and in such art even nature may be surpassed and transcended.

It is convictions such as these that cause me to set great store on the perfection with which any one art expresses itself strictly within the limitations of its own idiom. It is with the arts as it is with languages, each is beautiful, dignified, successful in the proportion in which it has been able to clothe beautiful and dignified thought. Whether Italian be more musical and Swedish more cacophonous is really beside the question. Artistry consists in the legitimate and triumphant use of the medium chosen and in hand. To attempt the effects of colors in black and white, to use the human voice for a flourish of trumpets, to make words ring like bells and mean no more than bells, that is to give to sound in words a higher value than to significance—all of these things are to use art unidiomatically, ungrammatically, to stutter instead of to speak and measurably to fail in the result.

But this does not in the least mean that we are to remain hopelessly conservative and never attempt what has not been done before. Art, like life, like politics, like everything human has need of the conserver who guards the precious possessions of the past; but we have need likewise of the innovator, the adventurer, who dares things untried, and in experiment, achieves progress. My personal leanings are towards the adventurer; he at least is alive, and there is

something even in glorious failure infinitely above that futile contentment with things as they are, the logic of which is a forgotten grave. However, nothing human proceeds by leaps and bounds and the real progress of the stream is in the steady onward flow of a mighty current of waters, not in pretty swirling eddies or even in bold but temporary channels, cut by the flood into back courses and devious windings. As we read the history of the arts, it is amazing to find how temporary and trivial movements, revolts, eccentricities, protesting schools and the like really are, when viewed in the large. They stir the ripples, they seldom do much more. I do not feel worried to hear, as I did the other night, that we have got away from the structural stage in the drama and are now either to have no stage at all, or several. I remember that this was precisely the condition three or four hundred years ago, and I am consoled. Nor do I feel alarmed for the future of poetry because some one of our none-too-late poetlings, following a far greater than he, named Walt Whitman, has once again said "Go to, now let's abolish rhyme and have no more meters."

The "sport" in nature can be depended upon. Nine times out of ten, it proves abortive. In the tenth case, it is the parent of a new growth, the starting point of a new movement forward, the forbear of a new species. Wherefore let us welcome all the experimenters, all the rebels in art, all the eccentrics. The processes of time will take care of them; we need not worry and quarrel with or about them. Moreover, among them who shall tell which comes as a leader to new truth, new beauty, new significance in the

arts? When all has been said that I have said, and much more that might be said more cogently and eloquently than I can say it, it is the imperishability of the arts, their power to adapt themselves to each age and time and grow into a wider significance as man grows; it is the spirituality of the arts which makes them what they are. And these three qualities, imperishability, elasticity and spirituality—this last the power which lifts us up and dilates all that is ideal and aspiring in us—it is these three qualities which set the arts apart in a category altogether unapproachable in terms of the mart and of trade, it is these qualities which unite them all into a unity alike harmonious and complete, which places art above all the other achievements of the spirit of man.

Note

I. "Humanities, Gone and to Come," a Phi Beta Kappa Address, first delivered at the University of Pennsylvania, June 18, 1902; and subsequently at Columbia, Northwestern, Michigan and elsewhere. Reprinted in *Phi Beta Kappa Orations,* Houghton Mifflin Co., 1925.

II. "Ideals and the American University," an Address Inaugurating a Series of Faculty Talks at the Foyer of the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, the winter of 1921.

III. "Some Values Educational and Other," a Phi Beta Kappa Address, Franklin and Marshall College, June, 1921. Reprinted in *The Reformed Church Review,* July, 1921.

IV. "The Graduate School," an Address of Welcome to the Incoming Students of the University of Pennsylvania, October 2, 1924.

V. "Academic 'Rights and Privileges,'" Commencement Address, University of Pennsylvania, June 16, 1915.

VI. "At the Crossroads," a Commencement Address to the Students of Haverford College, June, 1927.

VII. "The American Professor," the President's Address to the Modern Language Association of America at its meeting, Columbia College, New York, December 29, 1914.

VIII. "The Teacher of English," an Address before the Philadelphia Teachers' Association, March 9, 1929.

IX. The first and second of these papers were contributed to "The Gownsman," printed in the *Public Ledger,* 1914, the former several times reprinted. The third was an Address before the Teachers of the Middle States and Maryland, at Wilmington, 1922. "What is the Matter with Literature?" has not been previously printed.

X. "The Unity of the Arts," a Lecture delivered to the American Academy at Rome, January 28, 1924, and printed by the Academy in the same year.

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